

Beginning · APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH · By
AGATHA CHRISTIE

Collier's

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5¢ A COPY

August 28, 1937



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GREYHOUND SUPER-COACH



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In one year this great fleet has
CHANGED THE WHOLE TRAVEL PICTURE



Pleasant and restful places to stop en route—at frequent daily intervals.

"Four easy chairs in one"—and wide clear windows for sightseeing.



"IT'S THE SMARTEST, SMOOTHEST RIDE in America!"

I say millions of travelers who have made trips in the new Super-Coach. "And the lowest in cost," add thrifter ones, as they cheerfully check the dollars saved.

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Want trip information? The nearest Greyhound office is right downtown. Address and phone number are listed in the yellow pages of the telephone book under "Bus Lines," or in the white pages under "Greyhound".



Courteous steward shows how to adjust chairs to any desired position.

A bit of extra consideration for elderly folks and children.



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 Washington, D. C. 1403 New York Ave., N.W.
 Detroit, Mich. Washington Blvd. at Grand Riv.
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COUPON BRINGS BOOKLET ABOUT NEW SUPER-COACH

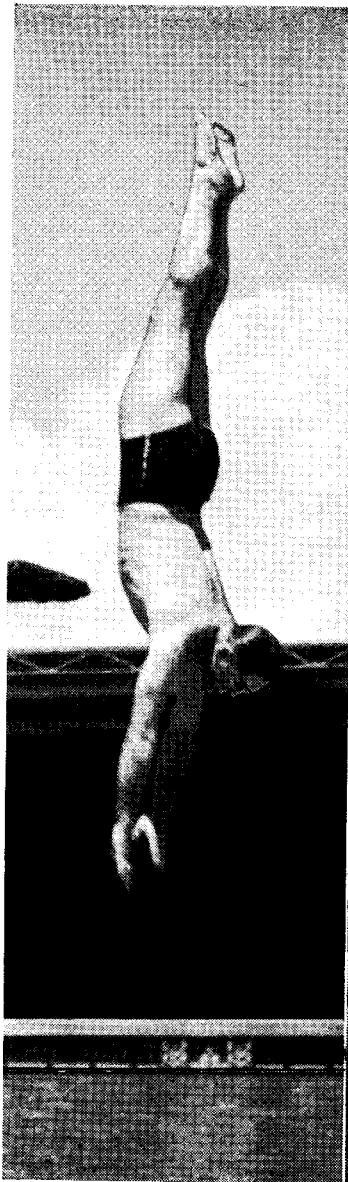
Do you want a bright, colorful booklet telling all about the new Super-Coach and its innovations? It's free—just mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound office listed at left of page. If you want fares and helpful facts about any particular trip, jot down place you wish to visit on line below.

Name _____

Address _____

COL-8

Sun and Water are healthy for you —but not for your Hair!



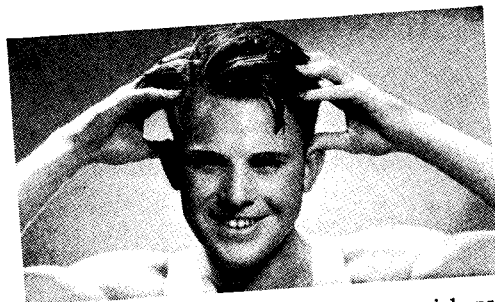
SUMMER's a serious season for your hair. Sports such as swimming and sailing, tennis and golf are great for your health and your happiness but they are hard on your hair.

For the summer sun beats down on unprotected hair—making it dry and brittle—dull and lifeless—robbing it of its vital, natural oils—and you yourself complete the job when, in your shower or your plunge, you drench it in the water.

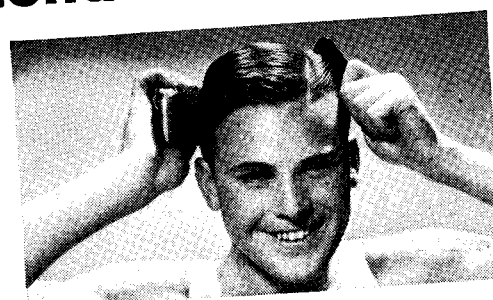
Your hair needs the help of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"—to protect it from drying out brittle and lifeless. Apply Vitalis with a brisk massage. Feel the fine tingle as Vitalis gets in its good work and its pure vegetable oil comes to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair. Circulation is aroused—your sun-parched scalp "comes to life"—your hair takes on a rich, lustrous look. 50 seconds to rub, 10 seconds to comb and brush—that's the "60-Second Workout."

With Vitalis, every hair is firmly in place—just the way you want it—without a trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Protect Your Hair with **VITALIS** and the "60-Second Workout"



1 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Your hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.



So this summer, enjoy your swimming and your golf, your fishing and your tennis—but whatever you do, take care of your hair. Protect it against sun and water—help keep it healthy and handsome with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Seal-tubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Insist on Seal-tubes!

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME . . .

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Collier's

August 28, 1937

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Next Week

CHICK BENNETT drove a tractor and behaved like one. That was all right until he encountered Molly Hight's sister. He was in love with Molly, and her sister stood in the way. In "Dreams Are Real" Frederick Nebel shows you how Chick found use for tractor tactics against a household tyrant.

IT ADDS a nice touch of horror at breakfast time to read of some new and grisly traffic accident. But most of us, after a moment of shocked silence, shrug our shoulders and assume a fatalistic air. Too bad but what can you do? There was a time when we didn't know what to do. But now we know exactly how to save lives—and some cities and some states are doing it. In "Thou Shalt Not Kill," John T. Flynn shows us that we can leave off wringing our hands and get to work.

MELVIN was always ready to make allowances for his dad. The old man belonged to another generation. "You can't argue with them," Melvin said. But when Melvin's sister thought up a truly big idea like the Bing Crosby Radio Chain you'd have thought anybody could appreciate that. In "My Sister Who is Famous," Daniel Fuchs shows you Melvin bathed in reflected glory.

ONE of those proverbial ill winds was blowing across the diamond in 1920 when a Detroit shortstop fell on Al Schacht's pitching shoulder. The world lost a fair ballplayer and gained the "Clown Prince." Bill Cunningham tells how Schacht has turned clowning into big business.

SHERIFF LON CARTER was a man of deep convictions, and he took his religion seriously. So did Clem Marshall, who was waiting around Lon's jailhouse to be hanged, and when Clem took to airing his opinions on election and free grace Lon felt duty-bound to convince him of the error of his ways. He did. Roy Helton tells you about it.

MR. STEERS had a simple and workable idea. He wanted to divorce his wife and do it in the way that would hurt her most. And so he decided to steal the affections of their son. In "You and Yours," Jerome Weidman shows you what happened to a man who tampered with emotions he knew nothing about.

THE Short Short Story is by Henri Duvernois. T. R. Ybarra, Kathleen Norris, Agatha Christie and others complete the issue.

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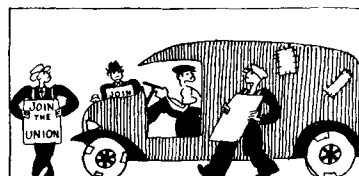
Freemen's Courts. Page 54

COVER

ALAN FOSTER

Any Week

ALMOST anywhere you go you'll find somebody grappling with a first-rate problem. We had scarcely set foot in Des Moines, Iowa, before we met a gentleman who had been requested somewhat peremptorily to join the truck drivers' union. "Listen," he said, "I own a truck—one truck. I drive it—me. I'm the whole works—owner, driver, helper, the whole works. Now these gents come along and tell me I gotta join up and pay myself the union scale. But nobody tells me where I'm going to get the dough to jack up my own wages and still make a fair profit."



AS YOU may as well suspect, the Midwest roads are strangled with trailers containing touring families. Most of them have objectives, and some have missions. We saw one trailer bearing a strange device—not Excelsior but "Back to God and the Constitution." The occupants were a Mr. Gerreous of Arkansas and Mrs. Gerreous. With them was a young man—a deaf-mute who, said Mr. Gerreous, "could speak eloquently to God." Mr. Gerreous told us that they had been invited to Los Angeles by Senator William Gibbs McAdoo, who, the deaf-mute young man had found out in his mysterious way, "would be the last President of the United States."

MR. RALPH COMMONSON of Beatrice, Nebraska, says that we may announce that "on account of favors done and good intentions in general" he's still for Mr. Roosevelt. "He's a right good speaker, too," said Mr. Commonson. "He's said about everything there is to say in his speeches except to say a little something nice about hard work. But maybe I missed that speech."

WE DIDN'T argue. Too hot. Besides we had got tired of an argument we overheard on the train. One of the belligerents was a terribly patriotic Chicagoan. The other fellow lived in and loved St. Louis. The battle was pretty even and good-tempered until the St. Louis man lost control and shouted: "Anyway, Chicago's just a convention of Topekas. All the natives look like tourists." And the Chicago man replied: "Well, how would a guy from St. Louis know what city folks look like?"

MR. ED WARREN of Cleveland, Ohio, finding himself appalled at the dearth of useful ex-presidents that usually obtains in this country, proposes to remedy the situation. "My vote," he tells us, "will go to the party that advocates the election of at least six presidents at a time." What he proposes to do with them, Mr. Warren neglects to say.

ALTOGETHER too much wrangling was going on in Moline, Illinois, too. We stopped off to see what it was all about. And we ran into a lot of picketing there. The T. K. A.—The Tavern Keepers' Association—were marching up and down, carrying protest banners, in front of the establishments where beer was selling (in large quantities) for a nickel a scoop. The association pickets were imploring large crowds—with no success whatever—to boycott the five-cent beer parlors. Said it was a breach of agreement to sell a glass of beer for less than ten cents. But the more they picketed the larger the crowd. And naturally a vast quantity of five-cent beer was consumed. Even by the pickets, who became pretty hot walking up and down.



TRY as hard as we may, we cannot contradict Mr. M. M. Maloney of Dallas, Texas, a gentleman who seems to have his facts well in hand. He sends us the society page of his newspaper, whereon two beauteous damsels are shown reading a copy of Collier's. "Definite proof," says Mr. Maloney, "of what I told you in this column last May: that either beautiful ladies read Collier's or reading Collier's makes ladies beautiful." We agree that the ladies are all that could be desired, what they are reading is indubitably us, and if Mr. Maloney sees here any cause and effect—well, long ago we learned that it's impolite to contradict people. Especially people like Mr. Maloney.

ON THE other hand, Mr. Joe Bolger of Lawler, Iowa, puts us in our place with some succinctness. Says he, without even stopping for breath, "You're always being sarcastic but you never start anything because I bet you'd get your ears knocked down plenty—that's all I got to say."

WELL, that's enough.

The Seeing Eye



"FREEDOM AND A FRIEND!"

Guided by the watchful eye and faithful care of dogs trained by The Seeing Eye organization, in

Morristown, N. J., many blind men and women are today going about freely and safely.

MOST blind persons say the world is kind. Everyone with whom they come in contact wants to help, but only a few of the sightless men and women in this country are able to have Seeing Eye dogs.

Too many people take their own "seeing eyes" for granted. They fail to realize that neglect may lead to blindness. It is estimated that the eyesight of more than half of the 114,000 blind persons in the United States could have been saved by modern medical science had steps been taken in time. Much of the trouble is due to neglect of the eyes during infancy and early childhood. Surely this knowledge should prompt everyone—especially parents—to guard against the tragic waste of human sight.

What are the causes and what are the symptoms of imperfect eyesight?

Nearsightedness, farsightedness and astigmatism are the most common causes of eye trouble, which usually can be corrected by glasses. Diseases of the eye, involving permanent impairment of vision, are extremely serious. Sometimes they are the result of unsuspected kidney disease, diabetes or syphilis, and if untreated may eventually lead to blindness. Expert medical care is essential.

Common symptoms of eyestrain may be "diminishing vision," severe, recurring headache, insomnia or dizziness. People may fail to realize the damage done to the eyes by carelessly straining them in dim light. It is harmful to read in bed unless the head and shoulders are propped up, the page well lighted and held below the line of vision. Never use eyewashes, ointments, salves or other remedies unless advised by an eye specialist.

As people grow older there is a gradual lessening of elasticity in the lens of the eye. The muscle does not work as freely as it did formerly. It becomes more and more difficult to read and see close work clearly without corrective glasses.

Testing the eyesight of school children is required by law in most States, but no law compels adults to have their eyes examined regularly. Every grown person should see an eyesight specialist at least once in two years, if he or she would continue to enjoy the blessing of good vision.

We shall be glad to send you, free, the Metropolitan booklet "Care of the Eyes." Simply address Booklet Department 937-C.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*

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New Film-Forming Shave Cream gives daily shavers relief from razor scrape

IF you're one of those particular men who wish to greet each morning with a smooth, clean-shaven appearance, you'll find real shaving comfort in this new-type shave cream.

It's called GLIDER. You spread it on quickly with your fingers—never a brush.

A Film of Protection

GLIDER forms a thin lubricating FILM between blade edge and the tender outer skin of your face. Over this film of protection your razor

slides easily, swiftly. Zip! Off come the toughest whiskers close to the skin line without scraping or irritation. You get a closer, cleaner shave in less than your usual shaving time.

Try GLIDER today. It leaves your face smooth, cool, refreshed. Never greasy or sticky—won't clog razor. On sale at any toilet-goods counter.



Glider

"No-Brush" Cream

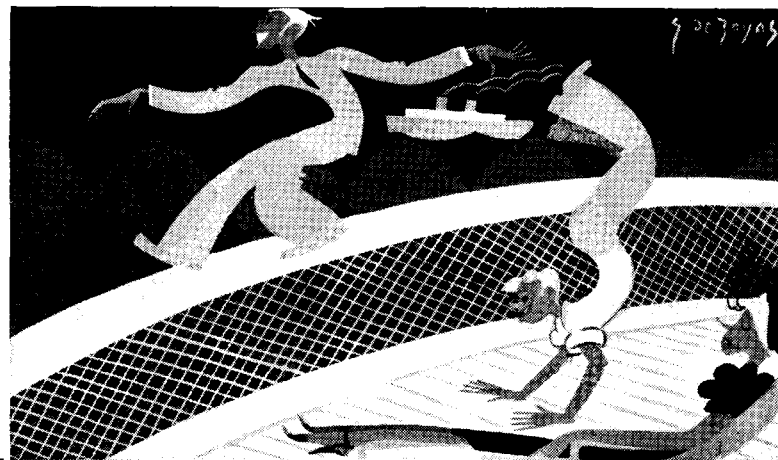
FREE OFFER Good only in U.S.A. Generous Introductory tube of Glider

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. C-8-28, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. Please send me a free tube of Glider—Williams new "No-Brush" Shave Cream.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By Freling Foster

Many persons are relatively immune to seasickness, particularly acrobats, tightrope walkers, professional dancers and others whose occupations require considerable body balancing.

When Krakatoa, a small volcanic island in the Indian Ocean, erupted and was half destroyed in 1883, scientists agreed that life on the remaining part had been completely wiped out by lava and flaming gases. Today this island, although uninhabited, is covered with a thick vegetation of 271 species of plants, 41 per cent having been borne there by winds, 28 per cent by ocean currents, 25 per cent by birds and the remaining six per cent by man.

About 1635, a charlatan in Lyons, France, threatened to resurrect the dead in a local cemetery unless he was paid a sum of money. The man, one Mantaccini, so convinced the people he could and would do it that debtors, beneficiaries of wills, widows and widowers who had remarried and others who wished the dead to stay dead quickly raised the money and rushed him from the city.

One of the proudest possessions of numerous New York homes, some fifty-odd years ago, was a gilded rolling pin, usually hung inside the front door for every visitor to see. It showed that the family had attained such affluence that it could afford to buy its bread at the corner grocery.

China still mints and uses a coin which carries the thumbnail impression of an empress who accidentally made the mark on its wax model more than 1,300 years ago.—*By Bennett E. Robertson, Guthrie, Oklahoma.*

Under an old English custom a "murder memorial" was erected on the spot where the body was found. Only two of these old stones, with their inscribed details of the crime, have been found in this country, one in Vermont and the other in Rhode Island.

When the U. S. S. Smith Thompson was damaged almost beyond repair during maneuvers in the Pacific a short time ago, officials decided that she deserved a better end than to be sold for junk. So she was sunk ten miles off the Philippines while her funeral party watched, marines fired three volleys over her bow and a bugler sounded taps. This was the only military burial ever given a ship in the naval history of the United States.—*By Mrs. J. M. Hayford, San Diego, California.*

The largest prairie-dog "town" in the history of this country was found on the plains of a Rocky Mountain plateau a few years ago. With the burrows only a few feet apart, it occupied an area of 25,000 square miles and contained more than 400,000,000 inhabitants.—*By A. C. Detweiler, Elkhart, Indiana.*

Windsor Castle, one of the several royal palaces of Great Britain, together with its many buildings, parks and forests, occupies an area of 13,000 acres and is 56 miles in circumference. Its maintenance and ceremonies, even when the king and his family are not in residence, require a staff of more than 4,000 servants.

Although one of the principal objects of the Allies in the World War was to protect the rights of small nations, little Montenegro, which fought valiantly with the victors, lost its independence.

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"MIGHTY GOOD SERVICE
WE'RE
GETTING THESE DAYS"

**BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED
ON *Western Electric* QUALITY**

The name "Western Electric" on telephone equipment means high quality at low cost. Your Bell telephone company, and every other Bell company, shares the benefits of its centralized manufacturing.

This has brought constant improvement in the speed, clarity and efficiency of the telephone—saved millions of dollars for Bell telephone users—and helped to give this country the best telephone service in the world.

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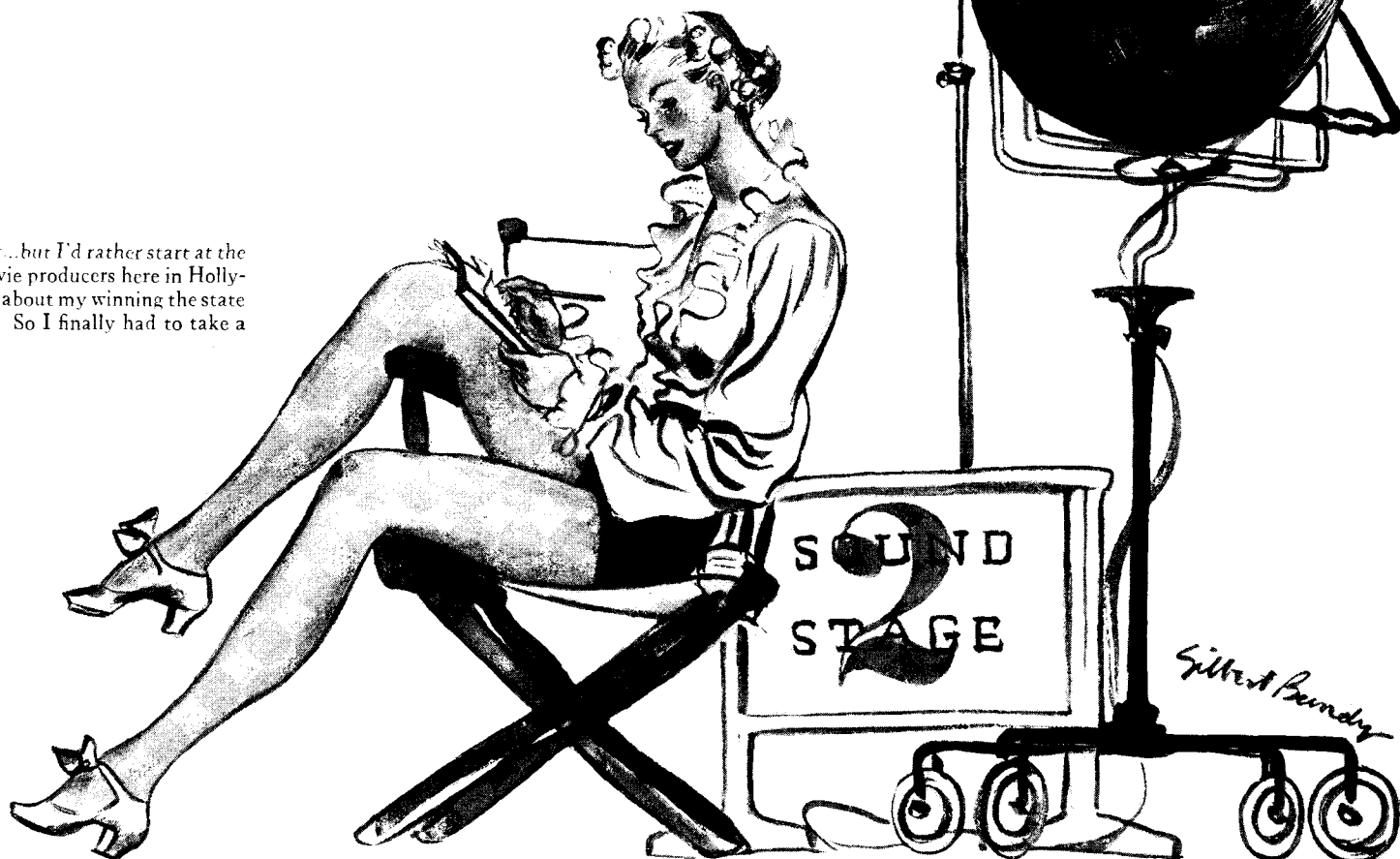
The Western Electric Company is an integral part of the Bell System. Its purpose is to provide a dependable supply of telephone equipment of high quality at low cost. The Western Electric plan of centralized manufacturing and distributing has half a century of proved benefits behind it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Dear Sis: I'm in the movies now...

1. I'm so excited! I've just...but I'd rather start at the beginning. None of the movie producers here in Hollywood seemed to give a hoot about my winning the state beauty contest back home. So I finally had to take a job...well, as a waitress.



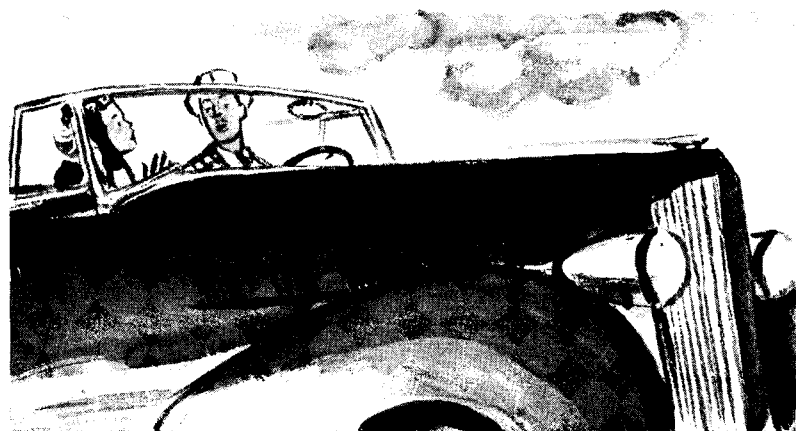
2. When I'd been there about a week, I drew the finickiest old geezer in forty-eight states to wait on. He was bad enough up to the time I suggested coffee. Then he went completely haywire. "Of course I want coffee!" he roared. "But I can't drink it! It keeps me awake. Understand?"



3. Instead of showing my teeth at him, I went helpful. "Let me bring you Sanka Coffee," I said. "It can't keep anyone awake because the caffeine is taken out." You should have seen him go for Sanka. Hadn't tasted such grand coffee for years, he said.



4. Early this morning, a stranger, who looked like a cross between an ambassador and a G-Man, breezed into the restaurant. "You're wanted over at the Combo Studios, right away," he told me. "They've got you signed up for a bit in 'Cutie Pie'."



5. "Say, how come all this?" I gasp as we're on our way. "Beautiful," he said, "you may look dumb, but you just can't be... 'cause you're the doll who tipped the Big Boss off to Sanka Coffee, so he can have coffee at night and still sleep like a juvenile."

SANKA COFFEE is as rich, as fragrant, and as satisfying as any coffee you've ever tasted. But—97% of its caffeine is removed—so even if you're one of those affected by caffeine, Sanka Coffee *can't* interfere with your sleep nor upset your nerves.

Make Sanka Coffee *strong*—as any other fine coffee should be made. Use a *heaping* tablespoonful for each cup. If you "perk" it, give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

Sanka Coffee is now selling at the lowest price in history! It is a General Foods Product.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE—DRINK IT AND SLEEP



"It's so lovely," she sobbed. "The night and the blueness and the stars. If only we could be part of it all!"

Appointment with Death

By Agatha Christie

Beginning the story of a human conflict so bitter that only murder could end it

YOU do see, don't you, that she's got to be killed?" The question floated out into the still night air, seemed to hang there a moment and then drift away down into the darkness toward the Dead Sea.

Hercule Poirot paused a minute with his hand on the window catch.

Frowning, he shut it decisively, thereby excluding any injurious night air! Hercule Poirot had been brought up to believe that all outside air was best

left outside, and that night air was especially dangerous to the health.

As he pulled the curtains neatly over the window and walked to his bed he smiled tolerantly to himself.

"You do see, don't you, that she's got to be killed?"

Curious words for one Hercule Poirot, detective, to overhear on his first night in Jerusalem.

"Decidedly, wherever I go, there is something to remind me of crime!" he murmured to himself.

His smile continued as he remembered a story he had once heard concerning Anthony Trollope, the novelist. Trollope was crossing the Atlantic at the time and had overheard two fellow passengers discussing the last published installment of one of his novels.

"Very good," one man had declared. "But he ought to kill off that tiresome old woman."

With a broad smile the novelist had addressed them:

"Gentlemen, I am much obliged to you! I will go and kill her immediately!"

Hercule Poirot wondered what had occasioned the words he had just overheard. A collaboration, perhaps, over a play or a book.

He thought, still smiling:

"Those words might be remembered, one day, and given a more sinister meaning."

There had been, he now recollected, a curious nervous intensity in the voice—a tremor that spoke of some intense emotional strain. A man's voice—or a boy's. . . .

Hercule Poirot thought to himself as he turned out the light by his bed:

"I should know that voice again. . . ."

THEIR elbows on the ledge of the terrace, their heads close together, Raymond and Carol Boynton gazed into the blue depths of the night. Nervously, Raymond repeated his former words:

"You do see, don't you, that she's got to be killed?"

Carol Boynton stirred slightly. She said, her voice deep and hoarse:

"It's horrible. . . ."

"It's not more horrible than *this*!"

"I suppose not. . . ."

Raymond said violently:

"It can't go on like this—it can't. . . . We *must* do something. . . . And there isn't anything else we can do. . . ."

Carol said—but her voice was unconvincing and she knew it:

"If we could get away somewhere . . . ?"

"We can't." His voice was empty and hopeless. "Carol, you know we can't. . . ."

The girl shivered.

"I know, Ray—I know."

HE GAVE a sudden short bitter laugh. "People would say we were crazy—not to be able just to walk out."

Carol said slowly:

"Perhaps we are crazy!"

"I dare say. Yes, I dare say we are. Anyway we soon shall be. . . . I suppose some people would say we are already—here we are calmly planning, in cold blood, to kill our own mother!"

Carol said sharply:

"She isn't our own mother!"

"No, that's true."

There was a pause and then Raymond said, his voice now quietly matter-of-fact:

"You do agree, Carol?"

Carol answered steadily:

"I think she ought to die—yes. . . ."

Then she broke out suddenly:

"She's mad. . . . I'm quite sure she's mad. . . . She—she couldn't torture us like she does if she were sane. For years we've been saying: '*This can't go on!*' and it has gone on! We've said, '*She'll die sometime*'—but she hasn't died! I don't think she ever will die unless—"

Raymond said steadily:

"Unless we kill her. . . ."

"Yes."

She clenched her hands in front of her.

Her brother went on in a cool, matter-of-fact tone, with just a slight tremor denoting his deep underlying excitement:

"You see why it's got to be one of us, don't you? With Lennox, there's Nadine to consider. And we couldn't bring Jinny into it."

Carol shivered.

"Poor Jinny. . . . I'm so afraid. . . ."

"I know. It's getting pretty bad, isn't it? That's why something's got to be done quickly, before she goes right over the edge."

CAROL stood up suddenly, pushing back the tumbled chestnut hair.

"Ray," she said, "you don't think it's really *wrong*, do you?"

He answered in that same would-be dispassionate tone.

"No. I think it's just like killing a mad dog—something that's doing harm in the world and must be stopped. This is the only way of stopping it."

Carol murmured: "But they'd—they'd send us to the chair just the same. . . . I mean we couldn't explain what she's like. . . . It would sound fantastic. . . . In a way, you know, it's all in our own minds!"

Raymond said: "Nobody will ever know. I've got a plan. I've thought it all out. We shall be quite safe."

Carol turned suddenly round on him. "Ray—somehow or another—you're different. Something's *happened* to you. What's put all this into your head?"

"Why should you think anything's 'happened' to me?" He turned his head away, staring out into the night.

"Because it has. . . . Ray, was it that girl on the train?"

"No, of course not—why should it be? Oh, Carol, don't talk nonsense. Let's get back again to—to—"

"To your plan? Are you sure it's a good plan?"

"Yes. I think so. . . . We must wait for the right opportunity, of course. And then, if it goes all right, we shall be free. All of us."

"Free?" Carol gave a little sigh. She looked up at the stars.

Then suddenly she shook from head to foot in a sudden storm of weeping.

"Carol, what's the matter?"

She sobbed out brokenly:

"It's so lovely—the night and the blueness and the stars. If only we could be part of it all. If only we could be like other people instead of being as we are, all queer and warped and *wrong*."

"But we shall be all right when she's dead!"

"Are you sure? Isn't it too late? Shan't we always be queer and different?"

"No, no, no."

"I wonder—"

"Carol, if you'd rather not—"

She pushed his comforting arm aside. "No, I'm with you—definitely I'm with you! Because of the others, especially Jinny. We *must* save Jinny!"

Raymond paused a moment.

"Then—we'll go on with it?"

"Yes!"

"Good. I'll tell you my plan. . . ."

He bent his head to hers.

MISS SARAH KING, M.B., stood by the table in the writing room of the Solomon Hotel in Jerusalem, idly turning over the papers and magazines. A frown contracted her brows and she looked preoccupied.

The tall middle-aged Frenchman who entered the room from the hall watched her for a moment or two before strolling up to the opposite side of the table. When their eyes met, Sarah made a little gesture of smiling recognition. She remembered that this man had come to her help when she was traveling from Cairo and had carried one of her suitcases at a moment when no porter appeared to be available.

"You like Jerusalem, yes?" asked Dr. Gerard after they had exchanged greetings.

"It's rather terrible in some ways," said Sarah, and added: "Religion is very odd!"

The Frenchman looked amused.

"I know what you mean." His English was very nearly perfect. "Every imaginable sect squabbling and fighting!"

"And the awful things they've built, too!" said Sarah.

"Yes, indeed."

Sarah sighed.

"They turned me out of one place today because I had on a sleeveless dress," she said ruefully. "Apparently the Almighty doesn't like my arms in spite of having made them."

Dr. Gerard laughed. Then he said:

"I was about to order some coffee. You will join me, Miss—?"

"King, my name is. Sarah King."

"And mine—permit me."

He whipped out a card. Taking it, Sarah's eyes widened in delighted awe.

"Dr. Theodore Gerard? Oh! I am excited to meet you. I've read all your works, of course. Your views on schizophrenia are frightfully interesting."

"Of course?" Gerard's eyebrows rose inquisitively.

Sarah explained rather diffidently.

"You see—I'm by way of being a doctor myself. I've just received my M.B."

"Ah! I see."

Dr. Gerard ordered coffee and they sat down in a corner of the lounge. The Frenchman was less interested in Sarah's medical achievements than in the black hair that rippled back from her forehead, and the beautifully shaped red mouth. He was amused at the obvi-



ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER



And the center of the group—"Heavens!" thought Dr. Gerard. "What a horror of a woman!" Old, swollen, bloated, sitting there immovable in the midst of them—a distorted old Buddha

ous awe with which she regarded him. "You are staying here long?" he asked conversationally.

"A few days. That is all. Then I want to go to Petra."

"Aha? I, too, was thinking of going there if it does not take too long. You see, I have to be back in Paris on the fourteenth."

"It takes about a week, I believe. Two days to go, two days there and two days back again."

"I must go to the travel bureau in the morning and see what can be arranged."

A PARTY of people entered the lounge and sat down. Sarah watched them with some interest. She lowered her voice.

"Those people who have just come in, did you notice them on the train the other night? They left Cairo the same time as we did."

Dr. Gerard screwed in an eyeglass and directed his glance across the room.

"Americans?"

Sarah nodded.

"Yes. An American family. But—rather an unusual one, I think."

"Unusual? How unusual?"

"Well, look at them. Especially at the old woman."

Dr. Gerard complied. His keen professional glance flitted swiftly from face to face.

He noticed first a tall rather loose-boned man—age about thirty. The face was pleasant but weak and his manner seemed oddly apathetic. Then there were two good-looking youngsters—the boy had almost a Greek head. "Something the matter with him, too," thought Dr. Gerard. "Yes, a definite state of nervous tension." The girl was clearly his sister, strongly resembling him, and she also was in an excited condition. There was another girl younger still—with golden-red hair that stood out like a halo; her hands were very restless, they were tearing and pulling at the handkerchief in her lap. Yet another woman, young, calm, dark-haired with a creamy pallor; a placid face not unlike a Luini madonna. Nothing jumpy about her! And the center of the group—"Heavens!" thought Dr. Gerard, with a Frenchman's candid repulsion. "What a horror of a woman!" Old, swollen, bloated, sitting there immovable in the midst of them—a distorted old Buddha—a gross spider in the center of a web!

To Sarah he said:

"*La Maman*, she is not beautiful, eh?"

And he shrugged his shoulders.

"There's something rather—sinister about her, don't you think?" asked Sarah.

DR. GERARD scrutinized her again. This time his eye was professional, not esthetic.

"Dropsy—cardiac." He added a glib medical phrase.

"Oh, yes, *that*!" Sarah dismissed the medical side. "But there is something odd in their attitude toward her, don't you think?"

"Who are they, do you know?"

"Their name is Boynton. Mother, married son, his wife, one younger son and two younger daughters."

Dr. Gerard murmured:

"*La famille Boynton* sees the world."

"Yes, but there's something odd about the way they're seeing it. They never speak to anyone else. And none of them can do anything unless the old woman says so!"

"She is of the matriarchal type," said Gerard thoughtfully.

"She's a complete tyrant, I think," said Sarah.

Dr. Gerard shrugged his shoulders and remarked that the American woman ruled the earth—that was well known.

"Yes, but it's more than just that." Sarah was persistent. "She's—Oh, she's got them all so cowed—so positively under her thumb—that it's indecent!"

"To have too much power is bad for women," Gerard agreed with sudden gravity. He shook his head. "It is difficult for a woman not to abuse power."

He shot a quick sideways glance at Sarah. She was watching the Boynton family—or rather she was watching one particular member of it. Dr. Gerard smiled a quick, comprehending Gallic smile. Ah! so it was like that, was it?

He murmured tentatively:

"You have spoken with them—yes?"

"Yes, at least with one of them."

"The young man—the younger son?"

"Yes. On the train coming here from Kantara. He was standing in the corridor. I spoke to him."

There was no self-consciousness in Sarah's manner. There was, indeed, no self-consciousness in her attitude to life. She was interested in humanity and was of a friendly though impatient disposition.

"What made you speak to him?" asked Gerard.

Sarah shrugged her shoulders.

"Why not? I often speak to people traveling. I'm interested in people—in what they do and think and feel."

"You put them under the microscope, that is to say!"

"I suppose you might call it that," the girl admitted.

AND what were your impressions in this case?"

"Well," she hesitated, "it was rather odd. . . . To begin with, the boy flushed right up to the roots of his hair."

"Is that so remarkable?" asked Gerard dryly.

Sarah laughed.

"You mean that he thought I was a shameless hussy making advances to him? Oh, no, I don't think he thought that. Men can always tell, can't they?"

She gave him a frank questioning glance. Dr. Gerard nodded his head.

"I got the impression," said Sarah, speaking slowly and frowning a little—"that he was—how shall I put it?—both excited and appalled. Excited out of all proportion—and quite absurdly apprehensive at the same time. Now that's odd, isn't it?—because I've always found Americans unusually self-possessed. An American boy of twenty, say, has infinitely more knowledge of the world and far more *savoir faire* than an English boy of the same age. And this boy must be over twenty."

"About twenty-three or -four, I should say."

"As much as that?"

"I should think so."

"Yes . . . perhaps you're right . . . only, somehow, he seems very young . . ."

"Maladjustment mentally. The 'child' factor persists."

"Then I am right? I mean, there is something not quite normal about him?"

Dr. Gerard shrugged his shoulders, smiling a little at her earnestness.

"My dear young lady, are any of us quite normal? But I grant you that there is probably a neurosis of some kind."

"Connected with that horrible old woman, I'm sure!"

"You seem to dislike her very much," said Gerard, looking at her curiously.

"I do. She's got a malevolent eye!"

Gerard murmured: "So have many

(Continued on page 47)

By Jim Marshall

Every week, the building of the biggest thing on earth—Grand Coulee Dam—scatters \$180,000 across our Northwestern deserts. But boom towns aren't what they used to be. For proof of this, ask any real old-timer

eraging between \$31 and \$32. Somewhere around \$180,000 is loose in town tonight.

"Gosh!" says Mr. O'Neill reverently, "what they'd a-done with that chunk o' money back in the old days, when Taft, Montana, was booming. Or Cascade Tunnel. Or Rhyolite or Tombstone . . . any o' them railroad or mining camps. . . . You know this camp's been operating four years now and they ain't had a real shootin' yet?"

He paused to allow this appalling departure from convention to take effect.

Pat O'Neill is a typical skilled workman on the Bureau of Reclamation's \$180,000,000 dam and irrigation job at Grand Coulee. Before he became a rigger amid the steel towers and lines he was a high-line logger in the Douglas fir country of southwest Washington and his favorite diversion was blowing off the tops of spar trees with a couple of

dren, storekeepers, dance-hall girls, barbers, real-estate agents, carpenters, electricians and bartenders live in communities clinging to the slopes above and help split the \$180,000 weekly pay roll.

In five years most of this will be swept away. Three shifts of twenty-five men apiece will operate the dam, the power house, the irrigation pumps. For them, the Bureau of Reclamation has built a complete little city of seventy-seven homes, with green lawns, paved streets, light, telephone, water and sanitary systems, and set aside a few acres for a business district. The Bureau estimates the total population of Coulee Dam will be less than five hundred.

But cold facts are heresy around the dam. A million dollars or more have gone into lots and frame buildings and water supply systems and "improvements." All the talk is of the perma-

sightseers how, before the Civil War, he sat on a rock and visioned the time when a city would bloom on the desert, or a railroad smash a tunnel through the ranges. To keep up the tradition, Charlie Osborne tells visitors:

"Yes, sir, fifty-four years ago when my brother Oscar and I were running sheep and cattle down at the mouth of Fiddle Creek, where th' guv'ment town is now, I sat on my horse and looked down into this canyon and said to myself someday somebody'll put a dam in there—biggest dam in th' world. . . . Then I laughed to myself, 'cause I knew there wasn't enough wheelbarrows n'r enough Irishmen on earth to do the job."

The rest of the standard equipment always included hitchin' racks outside the saloons and stores, a few Indians selling beads and moccasins, and a poet laureate—known locally as "th' pote lariat."



Workers are dwarfed by the sheer wall of a section of "The Big Slab"



In Mason City, dam workers replace the traditional cowboy as rail perchers

MR. PAT O'NEILL shoved his red safety helmet back over his gray hair and said this wasn't no boom town. He leaned against a lopsided telephone pole outside the Pioneer Saloon on B Street and said them as said it was a boom town just didn't know their hist'ry. The hot wind off the Central Washington desert swirled the dust into a sun-drenched haze. From the canyon of the Columbia River far below came the long muffled thunder of the 8:10 P. M. blasts tearing apart the rocks.

Half a block up the street, where the neon signs were sifting blues and crimsons over the white dust, a screen door slammed. Two girls in sleek evening frocks and silver slippers skipped across the sidewalk and plowed across the roadway to disappear into another dance hall. The street was a milling mass of jackhammer men, shovel runners, concrete jugglers, muckers, rod-and-transit boys, tourists, riggers, engineers and here and there a painted, hard-eyed girl.

Friday night in Grand Coulee City, half a mile from where the great dam—proudly known all over the Pacific Northwest as the biggest thing on earth—is slowly blocking the seaward rush of the wild Columbia. Pay night in the Coulee. Out through the wampum windows have come 5,776 pay checks, av-

sticks of dynamite. Working three hundred feet above the foaming, swift water of the mad, bad Columbia is kid's play to him—and to add insult the government makes him wear a life jacket.

Grand Coulee, claims Pat, growling "Beat it, Sis!" to a redheaded girl in a green cocktail outfit, is a Sunday-go-to-meeting town beside the roaring tide-water timber cities of the old days, when a man could bite the necks off a couple of whisky bottles, ram in a fistful of fine-cut to tone up the liquor, and sashay down the line tearing up the wooden sidewalks with his calks and indulging in a trifle of eye-gouging to pass an evening.

Still . . . the tourists think it's tough and come winding down the looping road from the rimrock to get an eyeful and an earful of the biggest boom camp on earth this summer.

They're Here to Stay—Maybe

It's not one boom camp, but a dozen, scattered up and down the canyon in a sagebrush wilderness where the test of a settler's stamina was how long he could stick after the jack rabbits gave up and lit out. Nearly six thousand men sweat and heave and throw switches and pull levers down in the rock-held heat of the Big Gash. Ten thousand wives, chil-

nency of the place. Never was a Western boom town yet that wasn't going to last forever. Belief in the eternal growth and stability of any mushroom metropolis is as much part of the standard equipment as the Old Vision-Seer, the Last Chance Saloon—First Chance on the other side of the signboard—and the First White Child born in the place.

Grand Coulee's Old Vision-Seer is 71-year-old Charlie Osborne, old-time stockman and rancher who is now working on the project. Mr. Osborne stays pretty close around the government Vista House. Vistas are a new feature of boom construction camps and still a bit of a mystery to tourists, some of whom tell the attendants: "Mister, you got 'visitor' spelled wrong on that sign."

All the old mining camps had rock ledges from which you could get a view, but when construction jobs started to get up into the hundred-million-dollar class it was felt that "view" was a bit picayunish. Boulder Dam invented the vista and now every project has a Vista Point from which the taxpayers can watch their money being spent in a large freehanded manner. Coulee has two, with parking lots, grandstands, public address systems, souvenir dens and rest rooms.

Every old Western camp maintained an ancient who used to tell infrequent

In Grand Coulee, instead of hitchin' racks there are two-feet-high concrete bulkheads along the walks guaranteed to stop the wildest driver from charging into a store front. The Indians, now babied and pampered, have a concession in the government town and sell beads, baskets and leather goods to tourists. The camp's poetess laureate is Jessie Garden Smith, a smart Indian girl who writes odes of some bitterness about the way the palefaces are mucking up the desert for no discernible good reason.

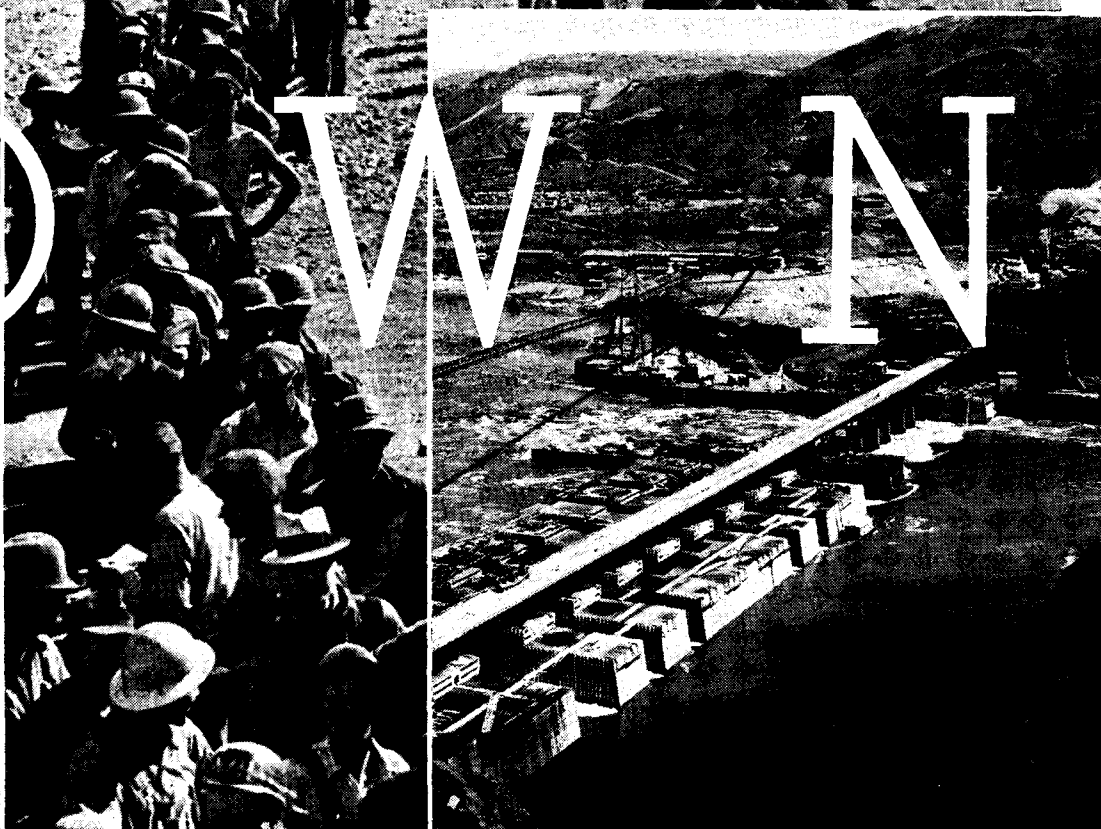
You Die with Your Boots Off Now

The old-time editor—he always blew into town with a hatful of type and a Washington hand press—who boasted of his man-for-breakfast community and recorded gun victims as having perished of lead poisoning, has been replaced at the Coulee by Sid Jackson, an up-and-coming young man whose Grand Coulee News blasts doubters, Republicans and other fiends in human form every week and boldly asserts that not only will the town live forever, but that it has no violent crime.

It hasn't either. Gunplay is almost unknown. What fights there are are settled by fists or knives. There's a modern hospital near by so that even if a mustachioed gambler stopped a flock of .45

Payday, and long lines of workers on the great Grand Coulee dam project (pictured at the right in its present partially finished state) form at the paymaster's windows for their share of the \$180,000 that pours into the boom towns around the dam each week. Part of it, but only a very small part, will find its way into the taxi dance hall below, one of the more popular diversions for husky hard-rock men

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BUREAU OF RECLAMATION AND WIDE WORLD



slugs he couldn't die with his boots on.

It's ten o'clock on pay night now and B Street is roaring. Down in the canyon the floodlights are glaring down into the bared river bed. The sun is down behind the rimrock. The dust swirls in the light from a score of saloons and dance halls. Jazz tunes and high laughter pour through the screen doors. Over in Mason City, the company town across the river, they're lined up three deep at the longest bar north of Tia Juana, swilling beer. But in Grand Coulee City it's beer, wine, whisky and moonshine. The state liquor store is doing all the business it can stand. So are the bootleggers, for those who balk at three dollars a fifth for Scotch or ninety cents for the same amount of gin.

In the dance halls the girls circulate around among the tables—young girls, some of them hardly out of high school. Girls in silken sheaths, girls in hostess gowns, girls in colorful cocktail outfits. They glide around on the uneven floors with the jackhammer men and the shovel runners and the high-line riggers all slicked out in store clothes. A dime a dance and the girl gets half.

Men and girls line up at the bar—beer for the husky and colored water for the frail. A nickel for the frail on every brace of drinks. A girl in a golden gown lifts her skirts and rattles a tap dance. A cheer for her and a shower of dimes and quarters as she slaps the final one-two and leans panting against the bar.

(Continued on page 32)



THE New York crowd said he was never in love and almost always drunk, but the public thought differently. He could broadcast even if he came to the microphone at a list of eighty degrees. He had been the top in radio for five years, which some sour people thought was seven years too many.

He never missed his hour, and he had been married and divorced, once.

He conducted his orchestra with calm precision. No outsiders saw his rehearsals. They said he went into a rage and fired the men weekly and then rehired them in time for the dinner-hour spot on the largest network of all time. Somehow he kept himself sure of them. If anyone dropped a key ring or a sheet of music or produced a cough while they were on the air, that boy heard about it afterward.

As a result, his income startled the income-tax collector.

To augment it, he played modified swing music nightly for the patrons of the Millennium Room in one of our large hotels.

They let him do his own announcing. They let the President down in Washington do that, too.

Standing beside the microphone, in his dinner coat, he listened to his voice, smooth and American, going out over the air:

"The orchestra and I have played for you tonight in honor of our parent radio organization, the American Broadcasting Company, upon the opening of its new broadcasting studios in Hollywood."

He stepped back—he was off the air. The microphone remained there, but unobtrusively his audience had narrowed from a continent to a supper room. With a quick gesture, he ordered the orchestra into a rumba.

"What was wrong with the old studios? They only had them two years," he said.

"Too small. Not enough parking space," said his assistant conductor. "Get set. Your ex-wife's here."

The Top lowered his eyes to his music stand—he knew the music perfectly. "At whose table?"

"Some white ties from Tuxedo Park. She's dancing this. Is it a honey!"

"Jack, it would be," said her former husband wearily. "She does everything perfectly. . . ." Time to sing now. He handed over the baton, and Jack carried on the rhythm without change. The master turned his voice into the mike. The lighting dimmed. He lifted his fine face to the spotlight and gave it to them in Spanish. He hadn't known Spanish when he was married to Martha. What a caballero he had been since then! It tired him to think of it.

HE TOOK back the orchestra and concluded. At the end, applause and the clatter of dining. He let the orchestra rise and take his bows for him. The lights were on again. Intermission.

Then he turned deliberately and saw her, at the second row of tables, in the lofty iridescent room. She smiled at him.

He crossed the floor toward her.

"Hello, Mark," she caught his hand, presenting him to her friends: eight at the table. When she released his hand he had heard a few names: Louis Baldwin, the man next to her, hard-hitting New York executive. Her host was only Harry Hofman, one of the nightly customers, rich playboy material. Martha's swift, exciting voice was asking, "How much longer can you swing the city around your head?"

"As long as I'll have to," he said.

She glanced at Harry and Harry said, "Stay with us, Dana. Let the boys carry on. An armchair for the master, waiter."

When the others went away to dance, the Top sat there next to his ex-wife, lighting her cigarette. She said, "I'm thinking of getting married again, and I've come to you for help."

The Royal Touch

By Mary Louise Mable

Of the new order of things, their splendor and how much they make. This is the story of one of them—and the story of the girl who made him realize that the best thing in life can't be bought.



"Who's the man?" he asked coldly. "Baldwin?"

"Yes. Build me up to it. You can make any woman successful."

"How can I—when nothing about you is right any more." He looked away from her across the deserted table, the white oasis. "Your evening slippers are last year's—I remember the model. Your lipstick is intangible—it should be tangible. Your hands are done wrong, the nails should be lacquered clear to the tips. That one bracelet is terrible. If you can't afford better diamonds with my alimony, wear amethysts or paving stones, but wear them large. Look around you." She looked at him instead.

He was miles away and lofty. He hadn't mentioned the line of her cheek—some things about her couldn't be bettered: her direct brown eyes, or her voice that always sounded as if it was on the wing, or her simplicity or her charm. He sat entrenched. He had the vile temper people said he had. He never used to have it. He rose to go. "You're twenty-five, too old to wear a short ermine jacket."

"Silver fox?" she asked.

"Red fox, to match your hair."

Picking up his work, he was haughty and bored, and he was left that way. For when he condescended to look over, the table was empty, she and her party had gone on elsewhere.

At eleven A. M. a sleepless maestro sat up in his bed in the shadow of the sky-high radio building, and a telephone was put into his hand. He called up a beauty parlor. He made an appoint-

ment at one o'clock for Mrs. Martha Dana: "Only Salvador must do her hair."

He was leaving the apartment when the telephone rang. Waiting for one of the three Filipinos to answer it, he glanced at his watch. Right. 12:35. It was her father, phoning from Greenwich. He took the call.

"Mark, my boy, you've seen Martha. She's been looking forward to it."

"Yes, Mr. Eliot," the Top stopped him casually. "Is she at her hotel?"

"SHE is—I missed seeing you, my boy, last time I was in town. You know, the country absorbs more and more of my time. I'm better out of things, I'm a bad guesser. I never thought you could be successful or that our losses could be so extreme. But I'll be coming in to pay up that little loan you made me. Until then—"

"We'll talk of other things," said the Top with finality. But he had been delayed five minutes getting to her hotel. He sent up his name from the desk, and stood—giving the lobby repeated electric shocks by his presence. He was tall, dark, handsome, his serenity unbreakable, a glacial crust. The lobby was less fashionable than formerly, the carpeting a little weary.

She found him standing stonily among young girls, signing albums. He took her arm and hurried her to the car. She saw he had a town car and a chauffeur.

She laughed at him, always. "I'm hungry—no breakfast. Where are we lunching?"

"Nowhere," he said. "You're going to have your hair done properly."

"Maybe they'll send out for something?"

"Not where you're going. They're artists; they don't think about food."

The elevator in this place was so small she had to lean against him. She had forgotten how tall he was. Perhaps he had grown in inches as well as finances, in their years apart.

The beauty parlor was shut off from drafts and warm with steam. But Salvador wasn't there.

Mark's ex-wife shook a cigarette from a package on the counter and watched Mark give the blond girl at the desk a piece of his mind. Like Gabriel on Judgment Day.

The blonde stood and took it.

"Look out, you're losing your public," Martha warned him.

"My public doesn't wish me to submit to imperfect service." He pounded the counter. "We make an appointment with Salvador and you give us Eddie."

"Mr. Salvador is confined at home with a severe cold." The blonde saying that for the third time tried to smile, wasn't able to.

"I don't want him or his cold," said Martha. "I'll settle for Eddie."

Eddie wrapped her in a sheet and then in emerald-green oilcloth and poured hot water and soap from the front of her head to the back.

Eddie was talkative. He worked here two days a week to get money; he was studying to be an actor—like Gielgud in Hamlet.



She found him standing stonily among young girls, signing autographs

"I sing for money, for anybody who will pay me, for the highest bidder," said the Top remotely, looking out of the window. "I never gave a concert in my life. I never had a singing lesson in my life until lately. I never attended college. I came from a farm in the Middle West. I think I had a voice. I can hit a note. I've got pitch and rhythm, girls like me, men don't object to their approval, and I can get away with murder for the next three years. Then I'll be rich and I can go somewhere and study."

She was under the permanent machine. "Louis Baldwin wants to talk to you. He'll be at the Millennium Room tonight without me."

"What can I do for him?" asked the Top.

"Does everyone always want something?"

"Always," he said.

WHEN she was put under the drier, he caught up with his telephoning. He was gracious, charming, a master of ceremonies, the afternoon had gone well. When Eddie brushed the final touches into her curls, Dana stood in the doorway—for she was on dress parade, with a mirror in her hand. Eddie turned her chair around below the lights. Her hair was brushed up into a red-gold coronet of soft curls. Three crowning curls above her ears. Dana handed Eddie two folded bills, and his card with a name written across it. "A Hollywood agent. If you want to try out for films, Jesse Freeman is honest."

Eddie gave thanks. "I listen to your program, Mr. Dana."

The Top looked offended. As if the world did not.

Martha had paid her bill at the desk, and gone.

"Hurry," said the Top when the elevator came up for him.

But she had not waited for him. He had never been part of her world, he never would be.

When she entered her hotel living room, the telephone was ringing. Mark's secretary was on the wire.

"Mr. Dana has reserved a table for you in the Millennium Room, Mrs. Dana. Please come at twelve. Mr. Dana suggests you do not eat anything until afterward."

At twelve the Millennium was carrying its peak load. He was cool, serene, there was longing in the music, he had them in a trance, playing both swing and straight stuff. Good Dana meant good dancing. They'd rather hear me, he thought, than Barbirolli.

At twelve he faced the bright steps leading down into the room. A perfect entrance for her, calmly planned.

Dana was playing a Balinese arrangement, very zing-zing, and he broke it off in mid-air and left it. In the abrupt silence, everyone turned to look.

She might have been Dietrich, although not as beautiful; she might have been Marta Abba, though not so ardent or vivacious as Abba. But the crowd here preferred to have her as she was. For she had been Martha Eliot; she had eloped with Dana the night of her debut.

And his hands were shaking as he came to meet her. He let the whole crowd see that his hands were shaking.

The scene was set, the white and gold room a background for her, and his face was white and his arm was trembling. "Mark, it's only an act," she shook his arm. "Don't go so far into it."

HIS voice was calm and pleasant. He introduced two men to her: Carleton Blake, the actor, fair, thin, English; Jesse Freeman, the agent, fat, belligerent but smoothed down by Dana for the occasion. So Mark had two friends, aside from the thirty people—bandsmen, office workers, entertainers, announcers—whom he supported. The four sat down at her table.

Louis Baldwin's party was across the dance floor. Dana leaned on her table: "Remember that song you wrote—'My Head on Your Shoulder'?—I may call on you for it later."

He was gone, back to the job. "So you're the little girl who took a walkout powder on Mark," Freeman said cheerfully. "What will you drink?"

"Mark walked out on me," said Martha. "Down the driveway and never came back. A champagne cocktail, please, and a chicken sandwich."

"Didn't you go after him?"

"I did." No one had ever asked her this, but Jesse Freeman asked her. "He was playing at a small hotel in Boston. He wasn't very good at the job. His orchestra was mediocre. I told him so. I asked him to leave it and come back to me. He turned me down."

Jesse Freeman glanced up at the gleaming and victorious orchestra. It was worth its weight in gold. It was as far from mediocre as human obstinacy and pride could make it.

The Top was speaking into the microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen and Mr. Louis Baldwin," he said resolutely. "We have here tonight Martha Dana, my former and beloved wife, who used to render songs of her own composing, in the dusk, when love was young. I would like to hear her voice again. She was very glamorous to a serious-minded boy from the country. Martha—?"

Several technicians were busy around her table. They set a small microphone ready to her hand. Something sounded in her ears like applause. What song had he said to sing?

"My head on your shoulder," she began, and hearing his orchestra accompanying her into it, her voice grew stronger: "And the night all around, it was there that I found love. . . ."

MARK was an excellent showman. The Millennium Room was dim. The gold spotlight was hers. Under it, curls shone with wonderful color. He was doing so much to show off to her—why? To make her sorry?

Her careless, questioning voice held the room. Then Dana's clear voice answered hers. He was standing near her. He pulled her up beside him.

New York watched that. The town can take its thrills vicariously, impersonally, over the sensitive metal of a microphone. The song was over; the crowd applauded; he bent his head and kissed her. His lips met hers firmly, coldly, and were gone. The supper room gasped. It would be in the morning papers, and, more than seeing a thing, they liked to read about it afterward.

But Baldwin would have been more pleased with a less romantic floor show. He left his place.

He walked over to Mark Dana at Martha's table. "I only brought Martha here to crack your surface," he said to Dana. "I made you a business proposition by letter some weeks ago, and you turned me down."

The Top stopped him cold. "I'm a paid entertainer here," he said. "If you want to talk to me, make an appointment with my secretary."

"What does he want, Mark?" said Martha.

"He wants me to demand a bigger studio for my weekly broadcast. He's got other entertainers lined up. Probably—if he's in the construction business—he stands to make a lot of money if we add to the floor space, but I'm comfortable in a small theater. Why waste the broadcasting company's money?"

"Your studios in Hollywood proved too small," said Louis Baldwin.

"Some realtor thought so."

"Well, you wouldn't lose, Dana, by putting in a good word for us."

"Mister Dana," said the Top. "I prefer to earn my money."

"Mr. Dana . . . Martha and I would come here quite often to listen to you croon—"

"I still consider it a waste of the company's money," said the Top obstinately.

"You're as stubborn as a mule," Louis Baldwin said. "Martha, if you marry me, you'll never hear his voice again."

"I shall continue to pay her alimony as long as I live," said the Top with pride.

Louis Baldwin stood up. "Then you're still a sucker for the Eliots. I thought her father had shaken you down once too often."

Then Mark Dana pushed away the table, and knocked him down and knocked him out, while Martha sat in her chair with no table in front of her.

Mark took her home. Flashlights
(Continued on page 28)

Nature of the Beast

By Victor G. Heiser, M.D.



BLACK STAR

Despite animal lore and legend, there are no "dog days." Few cases of dogbite prove fatal; in fact, the chance you run of catching a disease from any animal is very, very slight. Nevertheless, Dr. Heiser advises you to be cautious

THE desire to have a pet and care for it is a deep-seated and almost universal human characteristic. Juvenile classics are filled with animals—all of those that Alice found in Wonderland, Mother Goose and her multitudinous friends, Peter Rabbit, Black Beauty and dozens more. Modern writers still find the readiest way to children's hearts is through the animal kingdom. The sight of Mickey Mouse on the screen arouses storms of approval.

The stores at Christmas are filled with glass-eyed, tail-wagging, woolly toys. But there is hardly a child who would not prefer the real thing. He would gladly exchange his calico cat and gingham dog for any living barnyard resident—a burro, a calf, a rabbit, a suckling pig, a rooster, a duck. Mary, we are told, had a lamb to which she was devoted and which in turn was devoted to her. "What made the lamb

love Mary so?—Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know."

The childish fondness for animals persists into adulthood and takes odd forms in a great many instances. The cobra is a familiar of the Hindu, the cockroach and the flea are popular in Mexico, the swift leaping kangaroo in Australia, the lark in China and waltzing mice in Japan. With the exception of dogs or horses our returns are seldom tangible yet we continue to spend money and go to unbelievable trouble to keep our pets happy and flourishing.

Besides serving as emotional outlets, some animals are valuable to man as food, some share his labor and his sports, some are co-workers in his laboratory experiments, some serve in all four capacities.

The guinea pig, sometimes a pet, was first domesticated by the ancient Peruvians; his flesh, similar in flavor to that of the opossum, has long been used as

Whether you are softly sentimental or harshly practical about "man's best friend," you'll find he justifies his existence in many ways

food in South America; further, because he as well as his cousin the rat is apparently susceptible to almost every human disease, with the notable exception of malaria, he has been of invaluable aid in determining the causes and cures of many of our ailments.

The monkey, so like the human that he is a comic supplement, is also invaluable in this respect; he too is thought very tasty in some out-of-the-way and perhaps cannibalistic corners of the world; and on occasion he helps the Italian organ grinder to earn a living.

The dog, who is nearest to the heart of man, contributes also in all of these categories. He is a soldier of science; no hunter following dim trails is complete without his hound; the huskie of Alaska, the collie of Scotland, the amiable draft dogs of the Netherlands, are essential to man and his vocations in these countries; and the Igorot dog lovers of the Philippines for many years esteemed the village curs of the islands most delectable morsels.

Pets are seldom dangerous to man under normal conditions of health and it is our duty to keep them well, for their sake as well as ours. They cannot know that they may convey some of their diseases to us. But we can determine which these are and take precautions suited to the nature of the beast.

Elephants are not responsible for elephantiasis; spotted fever does not come from a leopard's bite; if you are so inclined you may handle toads without fear of disfiguring warts. But parrots can transmit parrot fever. Birds have contributed their quota to man's pleasure, the canary with his cheery song; the falcon, the pet of kings, to sport in hunting; the cormorant, who more practically seizes fish for his Oriental master's supper. With the exception of parrot fever, or psittacosis, the hazards from them are few.

Protecting You from Your Parrot

Small epidemics of pneumonia were first associated in 1879 with a dysentery among parrots living in the same houses. Other epidemics followed shipments of the birds from South America. As late as 1934 twenty-five cases and ten deaths resulted from the sale of infected parrots by a Pittsburgh department store. But long before this laboratory scientists had been at work to determine the nature of the disease, many of them succumbing themselves in the process. It was found that only parrots from South America were infected, and that if these were quarantined for two weeks after arrival, they could be given a clean bill of health. Your parrot is now safe and so are you, because protective measures have been taken to prevent psittacosis ever entering the country again.

The same idea back of quarantine—that is, prevention of contact, must be followed by those people who are so constructed that they are sensitive to the protein given off by certain animals. A child may stroke his favorite cat and his skin will break out in a rash; a boy who is never separated from his dog, or who spends all his summers cantering on country roads, may have asthma because of his inability to absorb these proteins. The answer is that he must admire his friends from afar and fondle some other pet to which he is not allergic.

You should always wash your hands
(Continued on page 52)

Slap Happy

By Quentin Reynolds

I DON'T know why you phoned me," Marty Levine protested.

"Well, you managed the guy," the police sergeant said sharply. "Before we can put it down as accidental we have to investigate a little. It's the regular routine. You saw him after the fight. Did he act peculiar? Say, Kid Roberts wasn't punch drunk, was he?"

"Slap happy?" Marty was indignant. "If he was, do you think I would have let him fight the champ tonight? Why, those fighters are just like sons to me."

The police sergeant said coldly, "Yeah, like stepsons."

"I take good care of my fighters. Why, I had Kid Roberts fighting five times the past month. Tonight against the champ he got a grand. Where else could a mug like him ever make that kind of dough?"

"I remember him a few years back when he was getting a lot more."

Marty shrugged his shoulders. "Well, he'd slowed up a bit. But I got plenty of fights for him."

The police sergeant looked weary. "Sure. Okay. Go on back under that rock you crawled from under."

Marty stalked out filled with indignation. The nerve of those coppers. Why, he had loved Kid Roberts like he was his son. He'd send the biggest wreath of flowers to the Kid's funeral anyone ever saw. Not that he owed the Kid anything. As a matter of fact, he felt a bit resentful when he thought of the Kid. Couldn't the big lunkhead even keep out of the way of a slow-moving truck? Now that fight in Grand Rapids would have to be called off. That would have been eight hundred dollars, too.

Being a fight manager was no cinch. Fighters were like children, Marty reflected, you had to coddle them and nurse them along. He grew resentful as he thought of the police sergeant. Punch drunk? Of course the Kid wasn't punch drunk. Why, there was hardly a mark on the Kid when they brought him into the dressing room. His mind traveled back to the scene in the dressing room after the fight. . . .

THE Kid lay there breathing deeply but a bit jerkily. The doctor from the Boxing Commission was bending over him.

"He'll be all right. But, Marty, why don't you make this guy retire. He can't stand many more beatings like that one tonight without getting punch drunk."

"He ain't slap happy," Marty said disdainfully.

The figure on the rubbing table stirred slightly and Kid Roberts opened his eyes, "Slap happy? Who, me? You're crazy, Doc. Why, that bum never laid a glove on me tonight."

"Then the referee must have been slugging you," the doctor said. "You got a bag under your right eye you could carry your young in."

"I stepped into a lucky punch, didn't I, Marty?"

"Sure, Kid, a lucky punch."

The doctor looked his contempt. "All right, Marty. But I wasn't going to send you a bill." Then he left and Marty began to pull the swollen lid away from the eye and he put ice on it and stopped a nasty cut over it with collodion.

"What time is it, Marty?"

"You ain't going anywhere, are you?"

The fighter gave that careful thought. Then his face cleared.

"I ain't going anywhere," he said contentedly. "Listen, Marty, how come that bum stopped me? I was doing great,

then suddenly the lights went out. I was never stopped in the first round before."

"It was the fourth round," Marty explained, "not the first. You got knocked down in the first and twice in the second and once in the third. Sullivan stopped it in the fourth with you on the ropes with your hands at your sides."

"Sullivan? I used to know a fellow named Chuck Sullivan in the Army," the Kid said brightly. "He was a little fellow with a black mustache and he could play the harmonica."

"This was a big fellow named Artie Sullivan and he was the referee. Now get dressed and get some sleep, Kid. We're going to Grand Rapids tomorrow night."

The fighter's face lit up. "That's swell, Marty. You know I was born in Grand Rapids."

"No, you weren't, Kid. You was born in Little Falls. That's in New York. Grand Rapids is in Michigan."

THE fighter rubbed a hand over the bulges of congealed muscle over his eyes and he looked puzzled. "Yeah, that's right. I get things mixed up sometimes. What are we going to do in Rand Grapids?"

"Grand Rapids," Marty corrected. "We're fighting Mike Bledsoe there."

"Mike Bledsoe?" Some vague memory protruded itself into the consciousness of the fighter. "I sort of remember him. Didn't I lick him last month?"

"No, sugar lips. He licked you. Yeah, in two heats he stopped you. But this time we'll murder him. And we're getting eight hundred dollars for our end."

"Eight hundred dollars?" The fighter's face brightened. "That ain't tin, hey, Marty?"

"If you think it is, look on a roof for some."

"After we lick him, then get the champ for me, Marty. Will you, Marty? If I ever get the champ into the ring I'll murder him."

Marty opened his mouth to say something, then closed it. Then he said, "Hurry and get dressed. Then go right to the hotel and I'll meet you there."

"Sure," the fighter said amiably. He took his socks from the locker and then he sat down on the floor and began to pull them on his feet.

"Get up from there, platterpuss," Marty said angrily. "Sit on a chair when you put your socks on."

Obediently the fighter arose. "But why, Marty? It's easier to put your socks on when you're sitting on the floor. Sometimes when you sit on a chair you bend over and get dizzy and you fall off the chair."

"Don't let no one see you putting your socks on when you're sitting on the floor. You know what they'll say? They'll say, 'Look at Kid Roberts. He's slap happy. He's slug nutty. He's punch drunk.'"

"I guess I ain't slap happy," the fighter growled. "Not me. When I'm through I'll know it and I'll quit, hey, Marty? I'm in good shape now. Anyone is apt to step into a lucky punch, hey, Marty?"

"Sure, sure," Marty soothed. "Now I got to go."

The manager started out and he was in the corridor leading to the lobby when the fighter called after him: "Marty, what hotel was that where I got to meet you?"

"The Hotel Almy," Marty called back



CARL MUELLER

"You got knocked down in the first, twice in the second and once in the third"

angrily. "Where you've been living for six months. Take a cab and go right to the Hotel Almy."

The Kid nodded cheerfully and went on dressing. When he finished he put his fighting togs and his rubber mouthpiece in a small bag and then he left. There was no one in the lobby except the night watchman.

"I got to meet Marty at the Hotel Almy," he told the watchman. "I got to take a cab and go to the Hotel Almy."

THE fighter was highly pleased at the way he remembered that. He walked to the curb.

Traffic was roaring through the busy street. The fighter stood there shaking his head a bit impatiently. His head felt very light as though any minute it might float away. He laughed and people passing stared at him. Suppose his head floated away and the rest of him just stood there. That would be a funny

sight. He laughed happily. He'd have to tell that one to Marty. He called to a cab but it kept on going. Then he hailed another. It didn't stop either.

Then suddenly he realized something and it puzzled him. All these cabs were rushing by but, although he could see them, he couldn't hear them. Maybe it was the same way with the cab drivers. They could see him but couldn't hear him. Well, there was only one thing to do. He'd walk out and just stop the first one that came along.

He took a step into the street. "Cab," he called. "Hotel Almy. I got to meet Marty."

He walked boldly into the street and he never heard the scream of brakes as the truck bore down on him. When the truck hit him he instinctively threw up his right hand to guard his jaw and then he fell forward like fighters do when they are hurt badly. But Kid Roberts wasn't really hurt. Kid Roberts hadn't felt a punch now for the past six months. No, he wasn't hurt. Kid Roberts was dead.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



The Reverend Mack bowed low and declared that he was charmed to meet up with the "sinneryor ursher"

THE new preacher from Shreveport was a mistake. The Widow Duck suspected it, even before she laid eyes on him. He was tall and slender, and wore glasses. His hair was cut high-English-brush-back, fairly dripping grease; and he was ever careful to give that Chicago twirl to words that had the letter "r" in them.

"Mis' Duck," offered Reub, "I wants you to meet up wid Rev'nd Mack." He turned to his companion. "Mis' Duck is de senior usher at Old Ship," Reub explained.

The Reverend Mack bowed low and declared in painfully enunciated syllables that he was charmed to meet up with the "sinneryor ursher"—which was his elegant treatment of Mis' Duck's honored office of senior usher.

"I figgered you'd be," the Widow Duck grunted with chilly civility.

There was an embarrassed moment during which neither Reub nor the preacher knew what to say. The Widow Duck knew exactly what to say but, as she explained later, her manners were too good to say it to a stranger.

Reub finally mumbled something about wanting to introduce the reverend around to other members of the church, and led the preacher away.

The Widow Duck watched them disappear behind the willows that lined the

bayou path. She was unhappy about the whole thing, since a new preacher on Little Bee Bend plantation had become necessary. And now that she had seen him, she was even more disturbed.

In her mind she reviewed the sudden and unexpected circumstances which had brought the Reverend Mack to pastor the Old Ship of Zion Church.

B'R CHARLIE, the one-legged blacksmith, had taken care of the spiritual life of the plantation for years, and had managed to keep all the plowpoints sharp and the saddle horses shod in his spare time. But B'r Charlie, a week ago, had suddenly felt a "call" to do a little missionary work. The call, according to him, was to the effect that there was plenty too much sin going on over in the lakeside parishes, where people raised strawberries instead of cotton. B'r Charlie felt duty bound to go over there and conduct a few free-lance revival meetings. The fact that the urge had come when strawberry crops were being picked for cash money had no part in it, B'r Charlie maintained.

On the other hand, the call had come in the midst of the plowing season on Little Bee Bend, when there were dozens of plowpoints to be sharpened every day. And Giles, the foreman, was anything but pleased with that.

"He'll be back quick as de berry crop is picked," the Widow Duck prophesied. "Strawberry money jinglin' in de pocket sounds a heap like a call f'm Jehooviah to a one-laigged somebody 'bout de size er B'r Charlie. And quick as de strawberry money git slack, he'll come lopin' home like de Projekkin' Son. So be not disencouraged, Giles. De Bible say, 'Weary ye not tharfore about de lamb which went astray, but wharfore ye should fatten up de fattenin' calf, and he will feast thereon.'"

Giles did not even smile. His words were cold and his eyes glittered. "I ain't wearied about Charlie comin' back. I done sont off and got we a brand-new blacksmith."

"A new blacksmith?" the Widow Duck repeated. "Do he preach, too?"

"Naw," Giles stated. "He don't preach. I axed particular about dat. And he don't preach a lick. He a man sot in his age, and he hate preachers, same as me. Dat's how come us hired him. I'm sick er preachers. Dey always runnin' off when you needs 'em."

"B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck reminded him, "ain't never runned off but dis one time."

"Dat's all anybody ever runned off f'm Little Bee Bend," the foreman said. "Hit's too many people tryin' to run on to Little Bee for me to give somebody a chance to run off mo'n once."

"He didn't ray-ly run off," the Widow Duck pleaded. "He jest went over to de berry fields to pick up a little easy collections. He'll be right back."

"WHEN he git back," the foreman promised, "he gonter find a strange mule in his stall."

"Aw, Giles—"

"And efn he smart," the foreman continued, "he better come back whilst I'm asleep, and den leave again befo' I wakes up. Cause efn I lays hands on dat nigger, hit's gonter be me and him. I knows I kin outrun dat one-laigged sapsucker. Efn I ever lays hands on him, I'm fixin' to beat his years off."

"Aw, Giles," the Widow Duck protested, "don't be too hard on him."

"Ain't nobody kin run off and leave a dozen plowpoints in de blacksmith shop, and den not git his years beat off."

The Widow Duck knew the foreman meant exactly what he said and, in a way, she knew he was right. B'r Charlie had no business leaving a bunch of dull plowpoints behind, right in the busiest part of the plowing season.

She was sorry that B'r Charlie was henceforth to be exiled from Little Bee Bend plantation. She liked B'r Charlie but he was weak. She liked Giles, and he was strong. Giles never liked B'r Charlie and B'r Charlie hated Giles. It was one of the complications of life that the Widow Duck never was quite able to figure out. B'r Charlie was weak and godly, and she was ever protecting him. Giles was strong and godless and she was proud of Giles' strength and tolerantly amused by his godlessness.

"What us gonter do for a preacher?" she asked suddenly. She knew there had to be a regular preacher for Old Ship; otherwise the foreman would certainly store hay in the church building. He had threatened to do so, more than once, and the Bossman, himself, had told him he might, if the people ever stopped holding regular services there. That threat was one thing that had kept down religious strife on the plantation. Everybody knew the foreman would be too happy to fill the building with hay and then sit down by Old Satan's side and laugh at all the good people.

"I don't know what you gonter do for a preacher," Giles told her. "And I don't keer. I know what I done for a blacksmith. I sont off and got me one."

The Widow Duck, as senior usher,

Swing Low the Chariot

"De place," quoth the Widow Duck, "needs a preacher like B'r Charlie." But Giles didn't like preachers, B'r Charlie least of all. In another memorable story of Little Bee Bend Mis' Duck shows how the Lord's will is accomplished through the humble agency of a "bait er fish stew"

By
Roark Bradford

"ushed up" a meeting of the congregation, and put the matter before them. Everyone agreed that a new preacher was necessary. The Widow Duck suggested one or two prospects from among her acquaintances, but she was quickly outvoted by the younger women of the congregation.

"What us ray-ly needs," suggested Mamie T, "is a young preacher. F'm de city."

"Amen," seconded Dawthy Dell, artlessly. "Young and handsome. I'm so tired er gittin' my salvation f'm some ole burr-haired preacher wid only one laig, I'm gittin' so I go away f'm church feelin' onredeemed."

"WELL, I believe you," put in Zurline. "But us got to git us a refained preacher, too. Hit's gittin' stylish to have a refained preacher, 'stid er one which can't do nothin' but whoop and groan and go on. Dey tells me hit's preachers over in Shreveport which kin preach a whole sermon and never git up a sweat, dey's so refained."

"What kind er preachin' is dat?" snorted the Widow Duck. "Salvation is hard to git, and hit's worth sweatin' for. Anything good is hard to git, and you got to sweat to git hit."

"Not efn you's refained," Zurline objected. "Refained people don't never git up no sweat about nothin'."

The Widow Duck tried to argue, but the sentiment was for a young, refined preacher from Shreveport, and she was voted down. A committee of three



young women was selected to "call" the preacher, and Reub was added to make the financial arrangements.

The Reverend Mack was the result.

The Widow Duck tried to visualize the new preacher in Old Ship's pulpit, where B'r Charlie had nearly worn a hole in the floor, stamping with his crutch and "graveling" with sinners. Such visiting celebrities as Sin-Splitting Samuel and Blind Booker Red had preached there. And one time, away back yonder, when the Widow Duck was young, she had heard the Green Roller, himself, drown out devils with a thundering flood of salvation.

Reverend Mack simply did not fit into Old Ship's pulpit.

"Hit makes me want to backslide, jest settin' hyar thinkin' 'bout hit," she declared. "I'd might' nigh as soon see Giles put hay in de church, as to set up and a-men a weak-toned brother like him."

Without any plan more definite than a discussion of an unhappy situation, the Widow Duck called on Betsy, the foreman's wife.

As the Widow Duck waddled along the bayou path and across the bridge, she found herself feeling old and tired. The afternoon sun was hot and the air was still. Halfway across the bridge, she heard a garfish slap the top of the water and she made a mental note of the spot. "I'll git you 'bout sundown, and stew you for my supper," she said aloud. Near the bank she noticed a large water moccasin lying on a chunk, waiting to grab a little perch when he might come

to snap up bugs in the cool of the evening.

"De sarpint," she observed, "is on de job, ready to snag some he'pless fish." In a vague sort of way, the idea came to her that Old Satan was lying on a log, like that, ready to grab a soul. But the weather was too hot to think about it.

AS SHE passed the blacksmith shop, she realized the new blacksmith was at work. He was hammering on plow-points, but the hammer did not ring as it did when B'r Charlie swung it. The thought saddened her.

When she left the road for the path across the field to the foreman's house, a little breeze stirred the tops of the cotton and cooled her cheeks. She said, "Thank you, kindly, Lawd," taking it for granted that the Lord had blown the breeze especially for her comfort.

Betsy was glad to see the Widow Duck. She had not been impressed with the new preacher but she was withholding judgment and hoping for the best.

"You know, Mis' Duck," she explained, "Giles put up wid so much f'm B'r Charlie, for so long. Efn hit wan't for you, he'd 'a' run B'r Charlie off, years ago. He wan't much good as a blacksmith when he was tryin', and he didn't try mo'n ha'f de time."

Education failed the Reverend Mack, as the foreman rode him to the floor. A yelp of terror was the only resistance he could offer

"Well," the Widow Duck parried, "he done a heap around Little Bee Bend besides sharpin' de plowp'int. He sort er b'long hyar, like me and you and Giles and Reub, and all de rest which grewed up, hyar."

"He wan't a good preacher," Betsy challenged.

"I hyared better," the Widow Duck admitted. "And I hyared a heap worse. I 'members one time he got ray-ly good. And you 'members hit, too. Dat time he preach about Bablum. He had six chariots racin' on top er de wall, goin' one way, and six mo' chariots racin' 'round de yuther way, and him yellin' at de hosses and drivin' all er dem chariots, hisse'f. Now, don't tell me dat wan't preachin'. I hyared you whoopin' and shoutin', jest like de next one."

Giles rode by and dismounted to get a drink of water. He had a worried look on his face, but he managed a pleasant word for Betsy and a joke for the Widow Duck.

"I'm fixin' to cut hay, purty soon," he told her and grinned significantly.

The Widow Duck winced. "Did you see dat new preacher, Giles?" she asked.

Giles laughed. "Yeah, I seed him. He comed out in de field whar some er de ladies was choppin' cotton."

"What did he said?" she asked.

"I didn't give him time," the foreman

stated. "I gived him a hoe and set him to choppin' cotton. De rule on Little Bee is still de same like always. Efn you lives hyar you works hyar."

"You hadn't ought to did him like dat. He young and soft," the Widow Duck protested.

"Efn I had de plows, I'd set him to a pair er mules and a cultivator at daylight in de mawnin'," the foreman declared. "But I ain't got de plows." He frowned, and looked across the field.

"How come you ain't got de plows?" the Widow Duck asked innocently.

"Ain't kotch'd up wid de sharpin'," Giles explained. "Dat new blacksmith ain't got his hand in yit. He was blacksmithin' in de levee camps whar he didn't did nothin' much but weldin'. He kin weld good, but he kind er slow and onstiddy at sharpin' a buzzard-wing shovel."

IT WAS the first pleasant news the Widow Duck had heard for a week, and she could not help trying a little joke of her own. "Maybe," she suggested meekly, "you better store some er dat hay in de blacksmith shop."

Giles frowned. "Hit ain't no joke, Mis' Duck," he assured her. "Dat nigger done burnt up four plowp'int today and he beat two more to a frazzle."

The Widow Duck shrugged disinterestedly. "De world is full er blacksmiths," she observed. "Efn dis one can't do good, maybe hit's one some-whar else which kin."

(Continued on page 38)

Heartbroken Melody

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to Hugh Braintree, a young engineer, Honor Brownell works in a San Francisco law office, where it presently dawns on her that she is far more interested than she should be in the junior partner, Paul Cartwright. Cartwright is thirty-seven; he is wealthy and he has a wife and two small boys! Hugh receives an unexpected promotion, is offered the job of superintendent of the Walburga mine. It is January; Honor promises to marry him late in the next month. She and Hugh make their plans to run up and inspect the mine, in a few days.

Before they go, however (with Adeline and Tom, Honor's sister and brother), Paul Cartwright has told Honor that, engaged to another man or not, he loves her, needs her. And Honor (who finds herself strongly drawn to this powerful, brilliant man who is certainly in no position to ask her to become his wife) has tried to make it clear to him that she must, very soon, pass out of his life forever. . . . But to her consternation she finds that the mere thought of Paul Cartwright thrills her! . . .

At the Walburga, a surprise awaits Honor—Cartwright (who knows some of the mine's owners) arrives; he has come up with an official, Dean Torrey, one of his old friends. When dinner is served, Honor finds herself discussing Hugh with Torrey.

"You like him, don't you?" she asks. "I like him very much," Torrey replies. "I think he is exactly where he belongs."

Honor's smiling eyes, leaving Torrey's, meet those of Paul Cartwright. And she stirs in response to the look Cartwright gives her.

III

PAUL CARTWRIGHT and Honor had no moment alone. After lunch Hugh had a few minutes' talk with the president; then he joined Honor and the others in the big sitting room and they went off together to decide between the two houses that were vacant and were at the disposal of the new superintendent.

They were plain houses but roomy and comfortable; two bedrooms connected by a bathroom on the right of the hallway, a big sitting room with a fireplace on the left, and behind the sitting room a kitchen with a dining inglenook lined with shelves and windows, and spacious closets and sheds and storage space generally terminated with a plain plank garage. There were plain beds and rugs and white china in both houses; Tom and Adeline took a spirited part in debate with Honor and Hugh over their compared merits.

"Oh, Honor, if Aunt Mag gives you the rugs, imagine how they'll look there!"

"Here's the thing, Honor. This room has a swell big closet."

"I know, Hugh. But the other has the long wall for bookcases, and the view right up the canyon."

"Well, come on, let's take another look at the other before we decide."

And so out to the plank sidewalks and the steep muddy paths again in chilling afternoon air. When they got back to the company house it was time for them to go and the Torrey party had already gone. There were affectionate goodbys between the girls and Mrs. Buell; the hotel manager had adopted them into friendship instantly, and told Honor that she looked forward with pleasure to "havin' you folks join the fam'ly."

"Anything that you want to send up here, Mr. Braintree—your books or boxes, or the weddin' presents you'll be

gettin'—just ship 'em along and I'll have Fred or one of the boys lock 'em up for you. I'll sure be thinkin' of you on the twenty-second—" Her urgent last messages started them on their way and were lingering in the air as the car started up the steep slippery road under the redwoods for the long drive home.

Everyone was a little tired now. Tom had the wheel for the first hour, the two girls silent and happy and sleepy in the back seat. Then Honor got into the front seat beside Hugh and he drove, and as she rested in a sort of dreamy content against the arm of his heavy coat he talked quietly of the future in a voice she never had heard from him before. It was as if quiet old Hugh were already the householder, the husband, the superintendent of the Walburga. His responsibilities became him, she thought affectionately, even though her response to them in her heart, she knew, was not all that he imagined it to be. If she was silent, dreamy, acquiescent, it was because her whole being was wrapped in a sort of white flame that burned too clearly to be visible and that his eyes never saw. The morning's contact with Paul, his watching speculative glances across the luncheon table, had swept her senses off into a cloud of visions as far removed, as impalpable as were the banks of fog that were creeping in from the ocean to obscure the sky and wrap the marshes in mist and bring the winter dusk an hour before its time.

HUGH was silent presently, acknowledging only with an occasional glance her shoulder against his shoulder, her shadowed blue eyes half smiling, half abstracted as they met his own. It was dark night when they reached the glittering lights of Sausalito, and drove on to the ferryboat that was packed with returning Sunday cars. Adeline and Honor blinked and laughed sleepily in the restaurant, falling upon the plain hot food as ravenously as the men, discussing the day only in weary, happy monosyllables. It had been a great expedition. It had been great fun. That man had been nice; that one was not. Honor and Hugh had been right in their choice of a cottage; Mrs. Buell had agreed with them in it.

"Red-dotted curtains in that back room, that'll only be a spare room anyway if it is so cold."

"It'll be your room, though, Addy. We'll have to put a stove in there. But some room in a house has to face north, and the kitchen and other bedroom will get floods of sun. Will it ever get very hot up there, Hugh?"

"Ask Tom. He was up at Oroville for a year."

"Daytimes it might. Did you know Mr. Torrey was coming up, Hugh, or was that just luck?"

"Didn't know a thing about it until Mrs. Buell read that message last night. As a matter of fact he only came up to San Francisco because his wife's sister was having an operation, and the last minute they decided to run up to the mine. He's swell, isn't he?"

"Funny his knowing Cartwright!"



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

She was silent while Paul ordered dinner, and silent afterward as the men laid the little table, and set out the crystal candlesticks and the heavy silver knives and forks



"Mr. Cartwright told me last week, when I was telling them all that I'm leaving, that he knew Dean Torrey well," Honor said, pouring cream into coffee. "His wife doesn't get home until sometime this week, so I suppose he came along naturally; they're staying with him in Burlingame."

"He knew you were going to be up there?" Hugh said suddenly, in a carefully indifferent tone, as he cut strongly into a sizzling steak.

"Oh, yes!" She'd thought out the answer to this, at least. Her tone was as casually cheerful as his. "In fact, I talked so much about the Walburga that I imagine I sold it to him. He's nice, isn't he?"

"Darling," Adeline said unexpectedly. "I think he's simply *darling*. I'd never really talked to him before, and before Honor was engaged—or maybe after, or lately anyway—I used sort of to think he was flirting with her and I hated him. But really he's *darling*."

"If he flirted with the forty-one girls we have in the office—" Honor murmured amusedly, stirring her coffee.

"Torrey's a pip," Tom said simply. They were all fighting sleepiness now as a result of the warm air and the good food, and trooped down to the car, separating almost silently when they reached home, the girls making straight for bed with only drowsy monosyllables in final comment on the great expedition. But for a long while Honor did not sleep.

HE STOPPED at her desk the next afternoon. Paul Cartwright, looking fresh and groomed and amiably interested in her impressions of the mine.

"That was interesting, wasn't it? I liked both your men."

Honor's bright color flashed up; her eyes were stars.

"I'm so glad you did! You'd met them both before?"

"Your brother, yes. The day you and he came down to our house for the ball game last year. But not Braintree. He's quite a—quite a man, isn't he?"

"Well." She looked down demurely; this was sheer acting. "I think so," she admitted with a little significance.

"Twenty years from now you'll be a big engineer's wife with plenty of money, and a few tall children, and conventions at Atlantic City," Paul said musingly. The girl laughed.

"With some pretty good years in between," she reminded him.

"Oh, yes; some pretty good years in between," he conceded, rousing himself. "Well," he said, "what I wanted to speak to you about was tonight. Are you doing anything special tonight?"

"I am going to bed with a new murder mystery, at eight o'clock," Honor said cheerfully. "Tom's in Richmond for dinner; Hugh's gone to San José; he's down there almost every Monday night. My aunt and Adeline are going to hear Zimbalist at the Scottish Rites Hall. I begged to be excused and am going to get ten hours' sleep."

"Ah, well, that's not so good then," Paul said, seating himself in the chair

opposite her and glancing at some letters he held in his hand. Instantly Honor's interest was aroused, and her senses alert. The faint little humming thrill that was making all her days extraordinary began to electrify the air again; her heart beat a little faster.

"What about tonight?"

"Well, it's the Hessels case again. The Judge is going to go into court with it on Thursday and he's all fuddled up on the first trial. He asked me if I'd work with him tomorrow and Wednesday. But I can't tomorrow; I'm in Berkeley all day. So I thought that if we got Ferguson and went at it, right in my library—I've got my brother's apartment here with all the records—we could draw up a brief for him in about an hour's time, and have it on his desk in the morning. However, I'm not going to ask you to miss any sleep—I'll tell you what I can do! I'll get Joe—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" Honor interrupted. "I'll not lose any sleep. I'd be home at nine o'clock, wouldn't I?"

"I'd promise that. Honor, you'd be a tremendous sport to do it, and the old Judge and I would be grateful to you forever! Wait until I speak to Joe; we've got to have him because he was in court all through the first trial—"

Honor touched a bell.

"Is Mr. Ferguson in his office?" she said to blank space. The answering voice croaked back an affirmative and immediately Joe was with them; Joe, fuzzy-headed and bewildered-looking and distinctly not the gentleman, but with a memory which no other three memories in the office could equal, and a law knowledge that was none the less valuable because Joe had never faced a bar examination.

Sure, Joe would come. He'd telephone his wife. Or, no, he'd better go home first, and he'd be at Mr. Cartwright's brother's place at six. Okay. So it was settled. Honor thought she'd go home first, too; wash her face and freshen up. Paul was infinitely obliged to them both; they were sports, and he would call for Honor at six sharp.

WHEN she joined him an hour and a half later, she had freshened up indeed. She had changed her gown to a comfortable thin silk; she was hatless, and bundled into an evening wrap.

"Nobody's home!" she said, getting into the car beside him. "Addy and Aunt Lucie went over to my aunt's for dinner; they're all going to the concert together. I didn't have to explain anything; I'll be home before they are."

"I love the elegant coat."

"This? This is known as 'the covered wagon.' We've all worn it for years and years when Mother was moving us about when we were small or when we had measles or colds—I think it was Mother's originally. But the fur is all but gone, and the brocade has been re-lined I don't know how many times!"

"It must be charmingly filled with germs of all sorts, too."

"Oh, no!" Her gay laugh was like

(Continued on page 42)



To the winner of the National Amateur golf tournament will go a nice shiny medal and reams of newspaper adulation. The medal and clippings, plus a nickel, will buy him a cup of coffee. Here's a preview of next week's show at Portland, Oregon

A Play for Glory

By Bob Considine



Popular belief to the contrary, most of the Amateur gentlemen work for their living. Johnny Goodman, 1933 National Open champion (above, left), is an automobile salesman. Johnny Fischer, winner of the 1936 National Open (left), wrings a living from the law and not golf

Frankie Strafaci, National Public Links champion in 1935 (shown above, right, with his mother and father), until recently, at least, was a part-time plumber. Ray Billows, 1937 New York State Amateur champion (right), managed to get to competitions in a \$15 car, sleeping in it, too



THE golfer who wins the 1937 National Amateur championship, which is about to be played on the grassy wastes of the Alderwood Country Club in Portland, Oregon, will be quiet, poor, single-minded, surly and possessed of a tremendous "carry" on his tee shots.

We do not mention the fortunate gentleman's name here and now, and save you the trouble of reading deeper and deeper into this little gem, because we formally retired from the prognosticating business shortly after Max Schmeling, whom we called a bum, belted our hotly touted Joseph Louis all over the ring. Previous to that immortal prediction, we had picked Custer over the Indians, the Delaware over General Washington, and Goldman-Sachs over the stock-market swoon.

The 1937 Amateur champion of the United States, and heir to the crown once worn by the likes of Evans, Travers, Ouimet, Jones and Little, will be a quiet person because it will take tremendous concentration, and an absolute minimum of garrulousness, to win this year's wide-open event.

He will be poor—compared to the common conception of the Amateur gentleman—because the top-flight amateurs of our time are plumbers, struggling young lawyers, and jobless collegians with fewer dollars than par on a Tom Thumb course.

He will have a one-track mind be-

cause imagination mixes with golf about as well as a Brooklyn Dodgers baseball fan would fraternize with Bill Terry. Golf titles are won by men who have the knack of casting out every vagrant thought that seeks to walk across their minds. The result is a fixed mental outlook that is focused completely on the shot at hand, a mental mood which will have no traffic with random thoughts of failure, or ifs, or buts, or maybes. The perfect example of this cranial condition was George Voigt, one of the great amateurs of the past decade. He had the uncanny ability to think with shocking simplicity. If his ball was 230 yards from the pin, all he could see was that pin. And all his mind recorded was that there was a brassie in his bag which would propel the ball up to the pin—in accordance with the idea of the game. His mind absolutely refused to let his eye see those yawning traps, the soupy pond in front of the green, and the knee-high rough that pressed against the narrow fairway. Free of these obstacles, and with his mind only on the pin, he'd pull out his brassie and fire away.

Golfdom's Chilly Willies

Our 1937 winner will be surly because churlishness is a symptom of extreme keenness. Without that taut-nerved condition a chap might just as well stay away from Portland. The sunny smil-

ing face, with rings under the eyes, which will look out at you when you turn to the sport pages the day after the Amateur ends, will be the same stern youth who somewhere along the route to victory threatened to take a punch at seven autograph seekers, who fiercely demanded that the news cameramen stop that damned noise, whose nervous system was pitched so high he couldn't keep anything on his stomach, and who could have bitten the dear old lady who sneezed softly into her hanky while he was putting.

Bobby Jones, the very breath of courtliness off the links, was one of the Chilly Willies of the game during a tournament. You could get uproariously convivial with Walter Hagen, all night before an important match, but he'd probably wrap a driver around your head if you so much as passed the time of day with him on the course the next morning. Harry Vardon probably did not say three dozen words during his entire tournament career. In the 1920 Open, wherein he was teamed with the then boyish Bobby Jones, he confined himself to a single word.

The veteran and the youth who was destined to surpass even Vardon's fame were 25 yards off a green. Vardon conservatively chipped up to within a foot or two of the cup. Jones, ignoring the easy way, attempted a fancy niblick shot. He topped the ball miserably, and

it wobbled off to fall into a deep trap. "Well, Mr. Vardon," the adolescent Jones chirped, "I guess you never saw a rottener shot than that, did you?"

Vardon walked up to the green, reflectively considering the question.

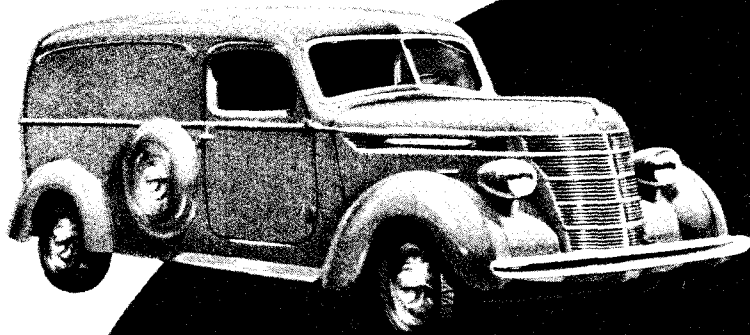
"No," he finally answered, quietly.

There's No Roll at Alderwood

And, lastly, the 1937 Amateur champion will have to belt that ball long and far off the tee because Alderwood, like unto all courses in the northern section of the coast, gets so much rain that it is a lush green paradise at a time of the year when nearly every other course in the country is parched to the consistency of cement. There won't be any roll to the ball at Alderwood. Those tee shots and the secondary woods of the longer holes will have to do all their traveling in the air. This might well favor Charley Kocsis, the 1936 Intercollegiate champion, and certainly the longest hitter in amateur golf today.

It will be the first trip the Amateur has made to the coast since that disastrous 1929 tournament at California's famed Pebble Beach course. It was there that an unknown kid named Johnny Goodman—reputed to have bummed his way to the coast on a freight car—defeated Robert Tyre Jones in the very first round of the tournament. The

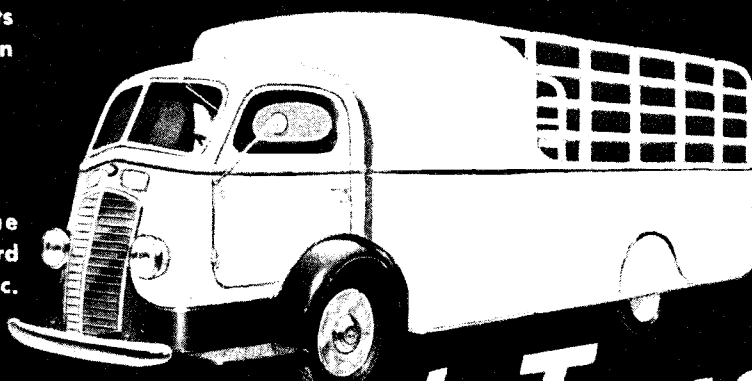
(Continued on page 35)



International light-delivery units in $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton to 1-ton capacities, in three wheelbase lengths.



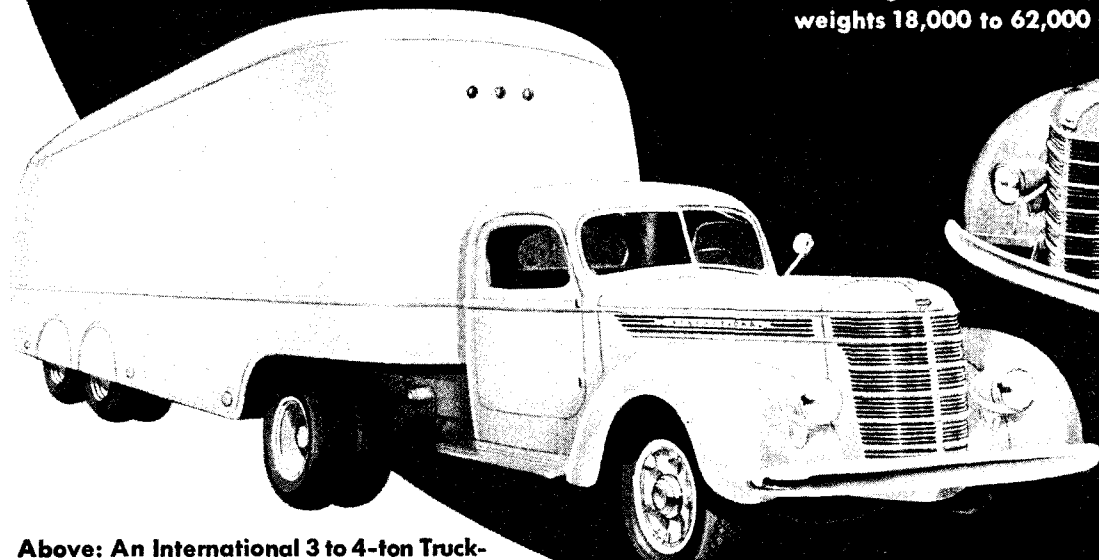
International 1½-ton Model D-30 with special panel-stake body. Several other models for the medium-duty field.



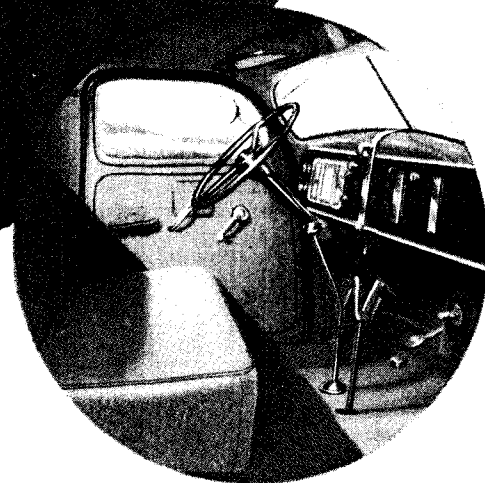
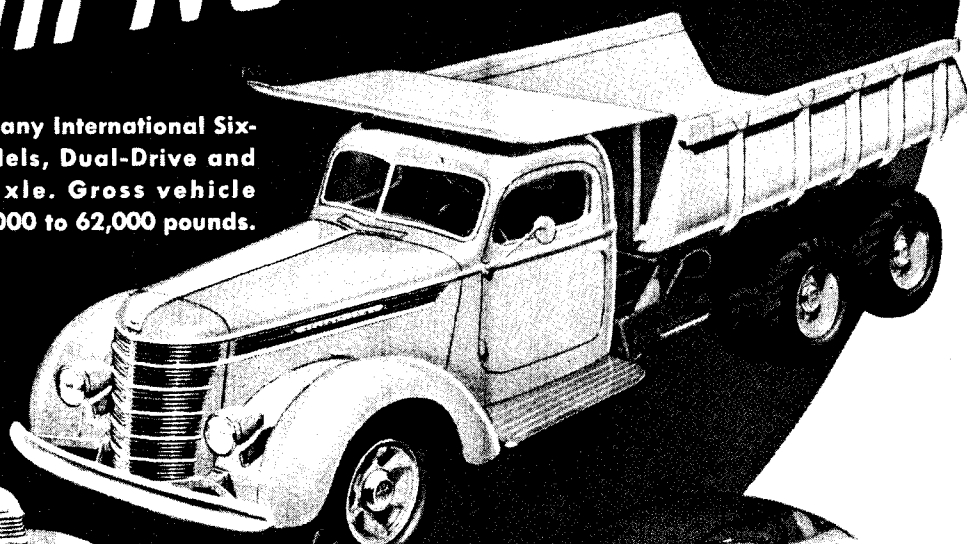
International Cab-Over-Engine Model D-300—a new high standard for close work in crowded traffic.

International Truck Sales Tripled on New Line

There are many International Six-Wheel models, Dual-Drive and Trailing-Axle. Gross vehicle weights 18,000 to 62,000 pounds.



Above: An International 3 to 4-ton Truck-Tractor. International Harvester sells twice as many heavy-duty trucks as any other manufacturer.



ALL-STEEL CAB in Every New INTERNATIONAL TRUCK

The All-Steel Cab is one of the many advanced features in the new International line. Illustration above shows the interior of the roomy, well-appointed de luxe cab. Driver comfort, clear vision, and safety are assured in every International, Half-Ton up.

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There is the key to what has taken place in the busy months since introduction of this new complete line. Public response has been immediate and convincing. Truck users have registered their approval in a flood of orders *three times as great* as ever before in the long history of International Truck manufacture.

All models in the line are now in full production in our three truck plants. The illustrations above show five representative units. There are 21 more, fitting the widest range of hauling needs. Wheelbases in 79 lengths; bodies for all loads. Sizes, light Half-Ton to powerful Six-Wheelers. If you haven't yet had an opportunity to inspect the new Internationals in detail, see the trucks on display at the nearest branch or dealer showroom.

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Lucky in Love

By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



So there we were, with these lousy Cossacks grinning like the wolf in the fairy tale before they started to eat us

ONE dreary night in Moscow I sat and thought about this Bolshevik experiment, and what it had cost in tears and pain and blood: and what it meant in hope, or might mean, to Man's future. Was it worth trying, I wondered, or was anything worth while anyway?

One feels like that sometimes in Moscow in the winter, when the nights are always cold and often dreary. Unless, of course, one's a Communist, which doubtless makes a difference.

Then I thought, perhaps Communists feel it, too, if they have any feelings. I dare say they don't feel anything; they just act instead. "Acts, not words," Foch said, but Lenin proved words were acts.

Then I thought of some Anarchists I had met, like Bill Shatoff and his friend in Alma-Ata, the little town way off on the edge of China, where Trotsky was exiled in 1928-29, and wondered whether they felt or acted.

Bill Shatoff built the Turksib Railroad from Alma-Ata to Semipalatinsk in Siberia—that's why I went to Alma-Ata in 1930, to witness the "meeting of steel" on the line at a point called Aina-Bulak.

I don't think Bill Shatoff feels much. He just acts, like a Communist, and builds railroads and drives men, drives them all day long and all night, too. Bill said they had to shut the office windows at Alma-Ata because the nightingale made such a row in the evenings. They worked nights on the Turksib, they had no time to sleep; or if they slept, they acted in their sleep. Yes, indeed, they acted; everyone in the town just had to act with Shatoff driving them. But they built the road ahead of time.

Everyone in Alma-Ata was busy those days except Trotsky, who once had more action than all of them—he showed the world, didn't he? He knew the use of words, too, whether words are acts or not. But they wouldn't let Trotsky act any more, or talk any more, in Alma-Ata. They kept him there until all the talk and action inside of him reached a full head of steam. Then they pushed him out abroad to blow it off, like steam or hot air. Perhaps now they regret they did so.

"Trotsky was out of luck," said Shatoff's friend, the other American An-

archist, the younger one. "Luck does count," he said, "counts more than brains sometimes, or the work you do. Look at me, I'm lucky—always was, like the Young Luckinvar the song's about."

To this day I don't know whether that was a terrible pun or meant seriously. He used the phrase often, "like Young Luckinvar," and once added, "who was lucky in everything—love and war, too, that's what the poem says," so I remained puzzled.

IT BEGAN [he said] when I was in America in '18, when I jumped the country just about a minute ahead of ten years in Leavenworth. Ten years, mind you, and I dodged it by inches, that's luck, ain't it? I worked across on a freighter to Stockholm, that was in the summer, and got from there to Lenin-grad—Petrograd, they called it then—and don't ask me how. But I was Young Luckinvar all the time, and it kept right on. They let me into the army without a word, and sent me off to Siberia to fight that Kolchak outfit, and lousy swine they were. [He paused and spat.]

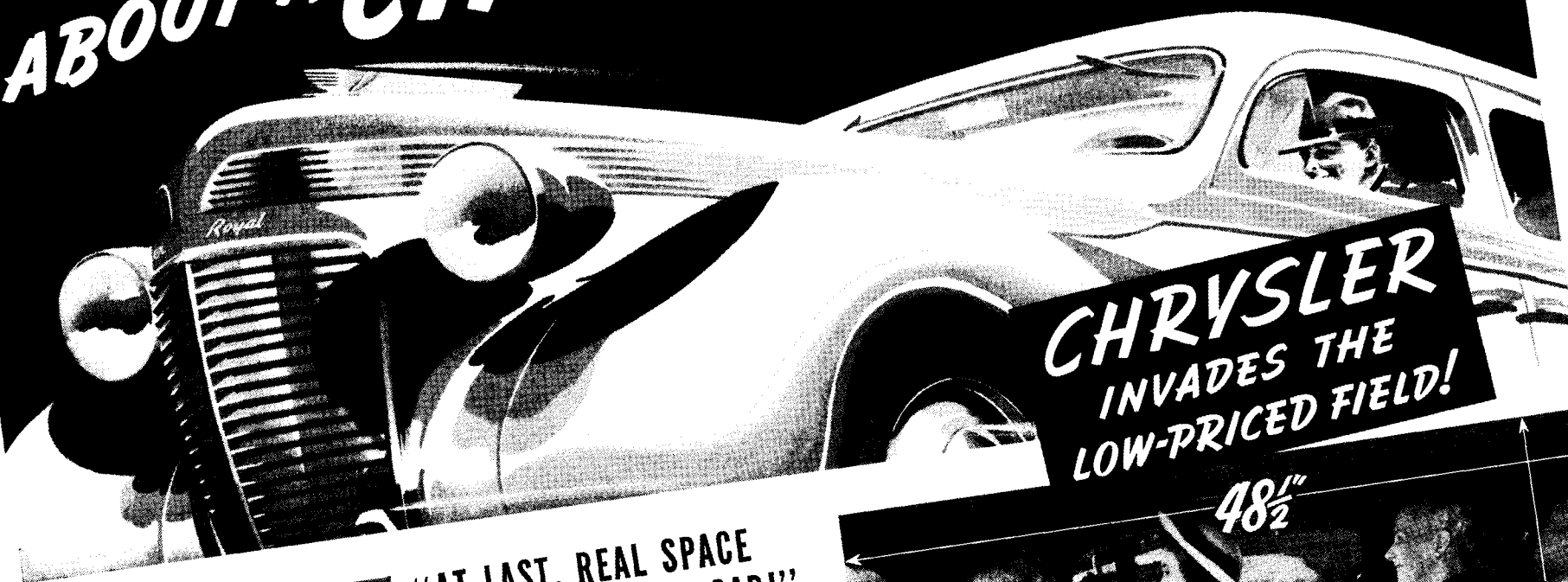
That was a dirty war, I tell you; no rules nor regulations, everything went, from biting to gouging. Some of the Whites were devils; they didn't only kill their prisoners—they tortured them. One of the worst was that Cossack fellow, Semyonof, who put captured Reds on a slow fire. His troops caught me once, caught me right, five of them with guns, in a room with a girl. You bet they caught us, and the girl knew what it meant and yelled her head off. Lord, how she yelled! I'd liked her up till then but she yelled so much it made me sick. I mean, why couldn't she keep quiet and not give them the satisfaction of seeing how scared she was. I'd yell when the flame bit me; yes, I'd yell then, I suppose. Yell from pain if you like, but not from fright. A man can't beat pain but he can beat fright. Men are weak and women are weaker, and that's as it should be or we'd get no kick from protecting them, but I couldn't protect this dame of mine. After all, I couldn't blame the girl for yelling; I'd have yelled myself if I'd thought it would have

Continued on page 46

Luck is not always so desirable as it might seem. A story of the new Russia, where men and women haven't changed much when it comes to a matter of the heart

Collier's for August 28, 1937

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The Magic Suit

By Frank Condon

If the presence of ladies cramps your style, heed the case of Joe Hawley. A prime example of what clothes can do for a man afraid to speak for himself in matters of the heart

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

IN THOSE early and happy days when Joe first met Elfreda, he was toiling for the Castor City Garage, an ordinary overall mechanic at low wages. Elfreda was with the City Library, a trig little spritelike figure in blue and a certain prize winner if they ever held a contest in the town. Joe met her at a Saturday night dance and was overwhelmed. She was as amiable and kind as she was pretty and they got along famously, although Joe understood that a garage mechanic is no great catch for a lovely and popular girl.

There was no doubt about it, Elfreda wasn't exactly like the others and the boys couldn't begin to understand her. She read thick foreign books nobody in Castor City had ever heard of and would rather sit at home and read than go riding in Perry Hand's new sedan. It may have been that Elfreda didn't like boys. At any rate, the youth of the town set her down as a peculiar egg.

Joe Hawley never found her peculiar, but, on the other hand, extremely thoughtful and pleasant and he enjoyed sitting on her front porch and just looking at her. He often thought: "Wouldn't it be a great thing if I asked her to marry me and she said she would?" Then he reflected that if he did and she replied: "No, and I never will," he would feel pretty low in his mind and their beautiful friendship would be saddened, so he resolutely shoved these thoughts aside. She made as much money as he did and was easily farther up the social ladder, so Joe took it out in thinking and was deliciously happy to be near her, glad she liked him and chose him as her escort to dances and lawn parties.

His own future was vague and justified no immediate notions about matrimony. A change might come to him later, for he was working on a new-type hood for motorcars and had high hope of success. Joe's improved and contemplated hood worked with buttons. You pushed a button and the hood moved up and stayed up. When you pushed the button again, it slid down and locked it-

self tightly and that is what any motorist would call a fine invention. Only it wasn't quite ready for the market. It was in process. When it was successfully completed, Joe expected to be a rich man.

MEANWHILE, he continued to peg along in the garage as a plain mechanic, hardly ever getting all the oil out from under his fingernails, even at night. He lived modestly in a lodging-house run by one Mrs. Durkin, ate his meals in lunch wagons, thinking wistfully of a day when he would finish his hood, sell it for thousands and have money enough to buy Elfreda a few of those lovely gifts in the drugstore window—and then maybe say a word or two about marriage. He knew she liked him, but not how much.

That's the way things stood in Castor City when Henry Pigeon moved into the scene. Henry sold shirts for the Castor City Shirt Company, living in Frisco and working out of that thriving metropolis for several years. Finally the shirt company concluded that Henry ought, in the future, to have his headquarters in Castor City, where he could keep in close touch with the factory, and so Henry came back to the village of his school days. He rode in a late-model car and

was handsomely dressed, as befits a shirt salesman, and one of the first persons he encountered was his old school chum and comrade, Joe Hawley.

"You going to live in this town now?" Joe asked, after handshakes.

"Looks like it. I'll be traveling out of Castor City. They want me to keep in touch with the plant."

"Where you going to live?"

"No idea," said Henry, and Joe suggested his own lodgings, where a couple of young fellows could pitch in together and hire a handsome suite for a song.

They settled in the Durkin establishment and Henry Pigeon met Elfreda and admired her. And as though fate had planned the whole thing, Joe and Elfreda ran into one of those storms that beset young people, coming up like lightning and leaving plenty of wreckage. It was sheer accident. Elfreda and her mother were taking the train, to be gone three days, and Joe was to drive them to the station in his touring car, a venerable but workable machine. The hour of departure was three in the afternoon. It was raining hard. Joe delivered a battery for the garage to a customer, leaving at two in the afternoon, having plenty of time to transport Elfreda and her mother.

Starting back to town, on a deserted

lane, he had a flat tire and got out in the mud. The extra tire was likewise flat. So he drove along on the rim, slid off the wet lane and stuck and there he remained. The hour of three came and went and Joe almost died. Elfreda and her mother ruined their hats and dresses, finally got a cab, missed the train and sat in the station damply for two hours, waiting for another. Three days later, Joe walked into the library like a man.

"Elfreda," he said, "I want to explain. I felt terrible about that."

"You don't have to explain," she said quietly, but he did in great detail.

"There was no way for me to get there," he said, "and I feel awful."

"It's all right," she said coolly. "Of course, we ruined our clothes."

AFTER that incident, love's young dream limped along on two cylinders and Joe was downcast. And Henry Pigeon slowly moved into the picture.

Joe was not the kind to be jealous and he wasn't jealous of Henry, even after it was plain that the new friendship was clicking. Joe liked Elfreda and always would, no matter what happened. If Henry suited her better, that was all right with Joe. He went along as usual,

(Continued on page 39)



Elfreda and her mother ruined their hats, missed the train, and sat in the station damply for two hours



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STINGING FACE DUE TO
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FROM NOW ON ONLY A
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THIS PAIR GIVES
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RAZOR... NOW I'M
NEVER TROUBLED WITH
SORE OR BURNING SKIN
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THE fault of MISFIT blades is that the shaving edges do not fit properly in your Gillette Razor. Too much shaving edge is likely to scrape and irritate your skin; too little shaving edge leaves your face only half-shaved—bristly and rough. Why experiment when it is so easy to play safe! Always use a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. These two are made for each other. They are designed to function as a single unit. Naturally you get more comfortable shaves. Prove this to your own satisfaction. Buy a package of Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today



Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

flicked as they ran through revolving doors downstairs, and out on the steps. His car was at the curb.

The reporters got another shot of them as they entered the car. Mrs. Dana was eating a sliced chicken sandwich.

The dark car rushed headlong across town. "Why build me up and then ruin my chances with Louis?" she asked.

"You don't have to marry to be a success. I could build you up on the air."

She laughed at that. "I see my life very clearly ahead, and Louis is in it."

The Top assured her formally, "He'll marry you now just to put me in my place."

"Would it put you there?" she asked. "Where is your place?"

The Top sat still.

"I'm a joke really," he said. "Sometimes when I go out of town and play for dances, college boys get drunk and whistle when I try to sing. I can swallow a lot for twelve hundred dollars—"

"But you're a snob," she said.

"Most hicks are. It's a country trait."

Sponsors are early at rehearsals. They hailed Mark Dana at eleven A.M. by holding the morning paper against the glass.

"Are you going to remarry the girl, Dana?" they asked when he entered.

"Hardly. She's virtually engaged to marry the other man."

"Good. Swell publicity for you. You can be brokenhearted."

"Thanks," said Dana. "Don't you think my heart would break more publicly, gentlemen, if you hired my wife to appear on our program?"

"We already hired your wife. So rearrange your program for tonight."

"I have. How much did you pay her?" demanded the Top.

"Well—she didn't expect much—a hundred and twenty-five."

The Top looked sick.

"The boys are ready, Chief," Jack called from the stand.

The studio was small. There were seats for two hundred people. Tickets for the hour were dealt out sparingly to the favored. One of the five best programs on the air.

CARLETON BLAKE watched Mark work with honest admiration which can be given to precision in any field. Carleton would be used later on in the program. Five minutes of Dana's sixty were devoted to Higher Things, and during this interim Carleton Blake was to read a poem by Browning.

"I've got rhythm, I've got rhythm, I've got—" "Stop!" said Dana. Dana was pulling out a Gershwin classic tonight, because all the good new lyrics were six weeks old. "Stop. Quiet," said Dana. "Petrona," he demanded, "hit them as if they were on fire."

"I'm a sixteenth slow, sir, you know why."

"Did you tell me?" asked Dana.

"I told you coming up in the elevator—my wife had a baby in the night."

"Great heavens," declared the Top. "These things can't occur the night before our broadcast. . . . She's all right now, isn't she?"

"Yes and no," said Petrona.

Mark Dana stormed from the stand. "Jack, call Dick to take over for Petrona. Petrona, get out."

"I'd rather stay and see rehearsal, Chief, as if it was any other day," said Petrona. The master looked at him.

"Sit down and shut up. And when you go back to the hospital, go in my car."

Petrona sat down in a chair behind Carleton Blake and Mrs. Dana, who had been ushered in through the double

The Royal Touch

Continued from page 15

doors while her husband was speaking. "He's gentle today," Carleton Blake whispered.

"Doesn't the little man hate him?"

"The drummer? Oh, no. Dana's paying the hospital bills; he always does for all his people. Any of the men would cut off an arm for the Top—"

Mark flung his script on the floor. "Quiet!" he shouted. "Will you kindly refrain from discussing—" He looked at her over his shoulder—a remote scrutiny. He called Carleton Blake out of turn.

On the stage Carleton Blake cleared his throat. Mark handed him a lozenge. Carleton Blake read the poem by Browning. Mark stood, watch in hand, the emperor of this arena, while Jack held the telephone to the control room. At the end Mark took the telephone, checked with the control room. "Six minutes twenty seconds. Thank you very much. Be here at six forty-five. We go on the air at seven."

Carleton Blake departed posthaste. Martha stared after him.

"Go to my office," Dana said to her abstractedly, picking up his script. "Give yourself a workout on the piano there. Sing from your heels, not from your chest. I'll rehearse you alone later."

In the hall a crowd of twenty-five umbrellaed tourists being herded through the building gazed after her as she walked into his office. His name on the door made her heart beat. He had left her because he hadn't been able to make any money, because her father's friends had offered him other work than his own, because she had had to live in her father's house. He had stuck to his own line, had taken his orchestra on the road, and left her future free. The world was wide; he hadn't come back. From his window she looked down on an elevated railroad, a torn-up street. There was just room in his office for his

desk, a chair, a piano bench and an upright piano. One of his three telephones rang until she answered it. Long distance, Los Angeles calling.

A brisk young voice said, "I know. He's in rehearsal. Tell him I'll love him till I die. We'll be having cocktails in my bungalow on the lot to listen to his lousy program."

He opened the door at three o'clock and came in, rubbing the lines from his forehead. He sat down at his desk and buried his head on his arms.

"A voice called from Hollywood," Martha said.

He raised his head. "Francesca?"

"The star?" asked Martha, frightened.

"She began on my program." He dropped his head back on the desk. "Play," he said. "Thou Art Repose."

SHE played Schubert, then Chopin, and Debussy's "Clouds." After a careful look at him, she attempted some of Jessie Matthews' songs. Not a move.

At five he sat up straight. "Why don't you go to the hotel and dress?"

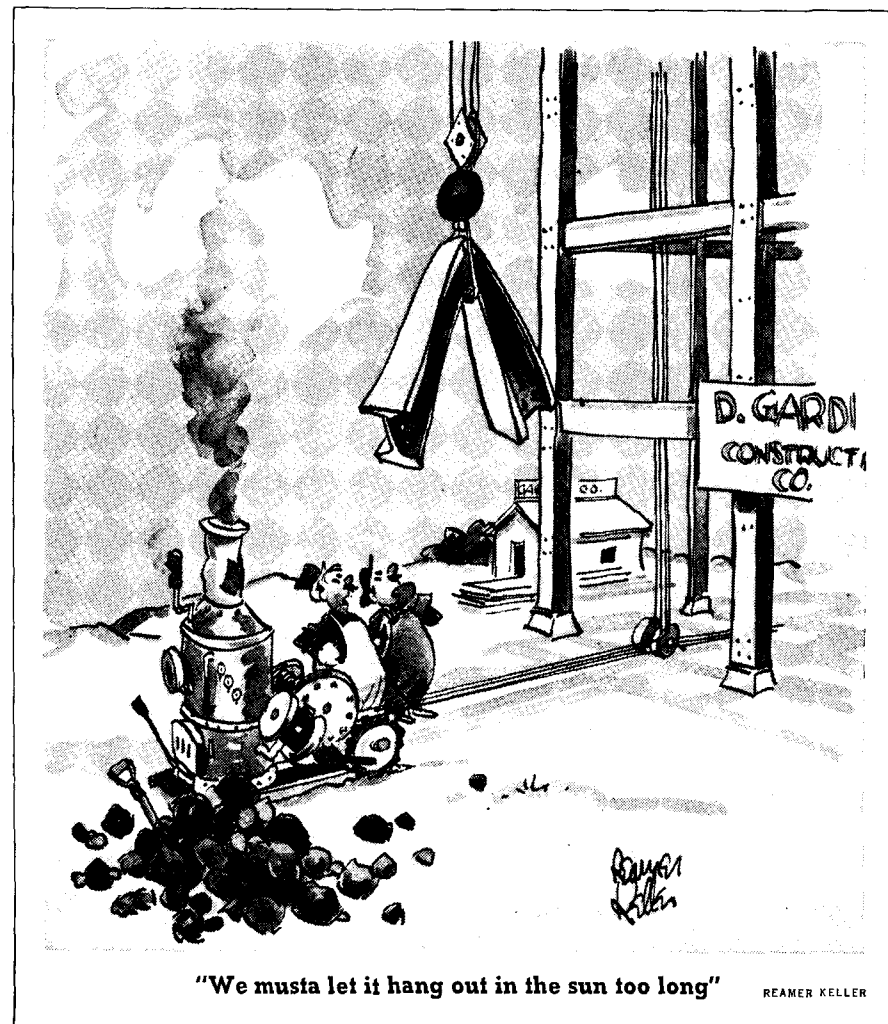
"I don't want to leave you here alone."

He laughed at that flatly. "I'm not asleep," he said. "You sing well. You could have success. Why not? But it's dull," he said. He looked at the contracted space around him, his eyes cold, calculating, selfish, bored and wise. It was too late to rest now, for he hadn't rested. Too late to have a drink. It was five-ten.

Five-ten.

Six-thirty. His studio audience was massed, umbrellas damp on thick carpets, just outside the studio door. He was inside there. And there went Carleton Blake, star of the legitimate theater, entering through a side door.

Six-forty. Double doors opening. More uniformed youths smiling, on guard. "Each individual will please hold his own ticket. Single file. There will be



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seats for all." From behind blue curtains on the stage they could hear his voice still rehearsing, his serene flat voice so admired, so often imitated, but natural to him. He could hear the noise they made. Many theaters would be half empty tonight, but not his.

Jack laid the evening paper before him on the stand. "Mark Dana's Ex-Wife to Wed Louis Baldwin, Well-Known New York Socialite. The marriage will take place Saturday afternoon in Greenwich, Connecticut, at the home of the bride's father, C. B. Eliot."

Silence behind the curtain. Then the rustling audience heard something fall that sounded like a chair or a music rack. The minute hand climbed around the clock on the wall. The men were in place in the control room. The sponsor's party in evening dress looked into the studio through wide glass windows. At 6:57 the doors were closed. Radios by the thousands tuned in on this room.

With a sigh the curtain rose, and there was the orchestra, and there was Mark Dana in a gray tweed suit, not looking at the audience. A girl in a creamy lace dress sat with Carleton Blake at one side of the stage.

Dana tapped on the stand and, turning, fixed cold eyes on the clock above the control room. They nodded to him from the control room and the head man raised two fingers. 6:59. 6:59 and a half—seven. Silence—they were on the air. The announcer spoke:

"This program is broadcast to you under the personal leadership of Mark Dana. Orchestration by Mark Dana. In thousands of homes—from Maine to California—" This was where Mark Dana always brought his orchestra gently in. He came in two seconds late. The announcer started the commercial plug without sweet sounds to back him up. When the theme song began at last, surely, richly, the men on the giant switchboard upstairs breathed with relief. It was going to be all right.

The Top stood at his microphone for his first song—"Looking Around Corners for You." Six choristers faced him, to blend their voices to his. He delivered Jessie Matthews' song finely, in his flat, smooth, unsentimental, practiced voice. Seven-nine. He stood alone, radio royalty, announcing the names of the guest-artists to come. The comedian, because there always has to be a comedian. The star—Carleton Blake. "And Martha Dana, who will sing with me," said Mark Dana. "I need not announce her further. You have all read the papers."

THE comedian carried on for nine minutes and the Top, who fed him his lines, sat on a high stool with his back to Martha. He had given her one quick backward look. Her lace dress was all ruffles, to the floor. He would not look again. She sat quietly, listening for his voice. But because of that strange lost look, she knew that he loved her, and that he always would.

The comedian was red in the face, on the last page of their script. He had had a lot of laughs. Dana endured the applause; he eased the commercial announcer up to the microphone, while the orchestra essayed a waltz. He thought, "She's going to marry him. I've given all I had—even to putting her on my program, and that means success to any singer."

After his usual calm pause for station announcements, Dana announced Carleton Blake, and announced him wrong: "And now for our serious-minded listeners, Mr. Eliot will play 'The Last Ride Together,' by Robert Browning." There was a quick silence. "I beg your pardon," said the Top. "Mr. Blake, who has had outstanding success in our country's theaters, will read 'The Last Ride Together,' by Robert Browning."

Giant applause for Carleton Blake

and part of it for Dana. Blake read:

"I said—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know . . ."

Dana looked dreamily at the white, strained faces of the orchestra, following his first mistake on the air. It was an established superstition that after the initial error the program would go all to pieces. Carleton Blake read:

"So one day more am I deified . . ."

The Top saw Jack holding out to him the telephone to the control room. "The piece will end at seven forty-one," said the control room. "Dana, you're dying on the air. We know you drink—"

"Yes," replied the Top soundlessly, "if I hadn't done that, or bothered with other women, I might have made it back to her in time."

The control room cut him off.

The clock had climbed to their last eighteen minutes together. He came toward her, an exhausted but still a vital force. When he placed his arm carefully around her and guided her to the microphone, she felt him trembling. "I haven't been drinking," he told her.

She said, "My darling, I've listened to your program every week—"

"Yes?" he said royally. "It was broadcast for you. Come close to me," he said. "We're on the air."

She had accepted the chance to sing on his program so that she could be with him a little longer. Their song was sung, he released her, and she made her way from the studio, wearing his wonderful furs. Outside on the carpet of the hall lay an evening paper. Behind double doors Mark was conducting the orchestra into that tortured and sanctified jazz called swing. He was attending to his own resurrection. And the country was listening—he could feel it—in the Great American Desert, in gas stations, in sanitariums, from the dashboards of cars in the Middle West, in Cleveland, Duluth, Niagara Falls. Only when he stepped aside to sing, and handed the baton to Jack, did he see Jack. Jack was against him, had let him read bad news before

his broadcast, was after his place on the networks. Disloyalty is hard to take. . . . "I've got rhythm, I've got rhythm. I've got my gal. Who could ask for anything more? I've got sunshine—on green pastures—" His voice stopped. He had gone up in his lines.

He stood there while Jack and the shaken orchestra concluded neatly without him. They gave his hour full measure. The hour ended to guarded applause. Mark Dana did not look around at them. As the curtain came down, Jack laid a hand on his arm. "Chief, the sponsors made me show it to you. They'll square you with the broadcasting company. They wanted you to put on an act over the air."

"I'm not an actor," said Dana.

HE PUSHED past his orchestra, out into the wide and carpeted and pillared hallway. A crowd of tourists passed him. Martha reached him there.

"It isn't true," she cried. "It can't be true without me. I hadn't seen it. He must have got Father to announce it—Dad owes him money—"

"Oh, please," said the Top. "Please—please—" She sat down on a sofa outside the door, and he went down on his knees there, and buried his head against her. "I thought you had outgrown our marriage," she said.

"You can't outgrow beauty," said the Top, who knew a lot. Some of the tourists passed in autograph albums between the men of the orchestra. Dana lifted his head and hand long enough to sign them, then sank back on her shoulder again. He belonged to her.

"Tell Petrona to sleep at the hospital; it's a bad night." The Top raised his head. He thought of the great radio building, like a dark tower in the New York night, with floating studios, swung from floors above so that the ground vibrations wouldn't reach them, with wind around the building, and the building swaying a little in the wind. "Be careful, all of you. There'll be a lot of deaths tonight." For his people depended on him—until his people were safe, he could not be happy and at peace with her. He was naturally royal.



"It was a beach chair, but George never learned to set it up"

D. HUFFINE



CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND
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writes

**WHAM! HIS TIRE BLEW OUT
AND A HAPPY VACATION
CAME TO A SAD ENDING...**



Read CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND'S True Short Story of The "Close Call"
Experienced by a Massachusetts Motorist... *it May Save Your Life!*

HERE is a story from *real life*—every word true—and if it saves any lives I'll more than be repaid for my effort.

It's about Rogers Cox, of Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, a typical American motorist. Rogers, his brother, sister and lady friend had enjoyed two invigorating fun-packed weeks away from hustle and bustle. Fishing, golfing, dancing, swimming—something doing from morning until night. Now it was all over—all over except for the long drive back home.

As they rolled along the Newburyport Turnpike at a good pace, mile after mile passed without a word being uttered. Finally Rogers said, "Gosh, doesn't the very thought of work again give you the creeps?"

"It sure does, Brother, but cheer up, vacations can't last forever, you know. And we've certainly had more than our share of good weather, good times and good luck."

Then the unexpected happened. It was

just as if someone had stabbed a spike into a giant balloon. WHAM! A front tire collapsed. The car felt as if it were being dragged over a rock pile. Into a shallow ditch and out again it shot. Bumping along it side-swiped two trees before Cox and a third tree combined to halt its wild course. And although no one was hurt, it was indeed a sad ending to a happy vacation.

Safety Warning

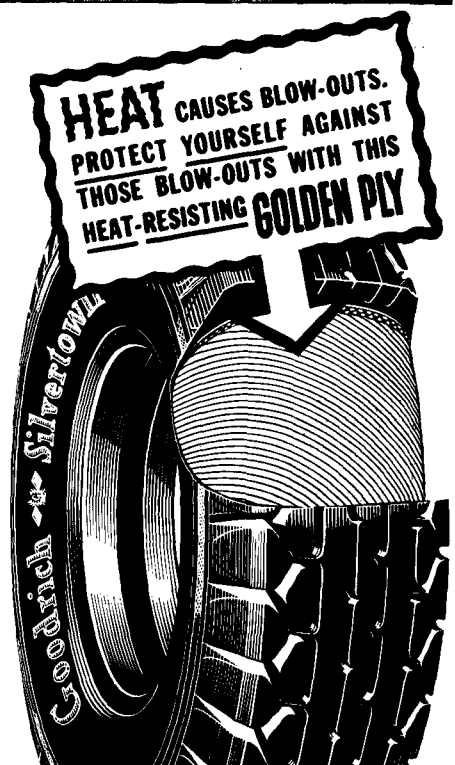
Motorists, when you're averaging 30-40-50 miles an hour AND A TIRE BLOWS OUT—well, it's too late to be sorry then! That's why the time for action is NOW—when you can very easily drive in to your Goodrich dealer and say "put on Silvertowns all the way 'round."

These great tires have something no other tire in the world can give you—the Life-Saver Golden Ply. The Golden Ply is a special layer of rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the

terrific internal tire heat that causes many of these tragic blow-out accidents. And if you don't think ANY tire gets mighty hot at high speed, just touch your finger to the side of a tire after you've been driving it fast for a while. Then imagine what the heat must be like INSIDE. And that's just where the Golden Ply protects you and your family from blow-out dangers—inside the tire where you really need it most.

Rogers Cox has taken a long vacation from tire worries by having his car equipped with Golden Ply Silvertowns. Don't take the chance of letting a blow-out turn a pleasure trip into tragedy. Decide that you, too, are going to *play safe* with Silvertowns. You'll find them on sale at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich Dealers everywhere.

Clarence B. Kelland



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

Boom Town

Continued from page 13

"It isn't bad, Slicker," says Rosie, who says she went to the university over in Seattle. "I make about thirty dollars a week—but most of the work comes Friday nights and Saturdays. Sometimes I don't hit the hay for forty-eight hours on end. It's tough on the feet. . . ."

She thrusts out silken legs ending in low-heeled golden sandals.

"I wear out a pair every week," she says. "Got to have a new frock every week, too. Still, it's a livin'. . . ."

Over on one side of the hall, and upstairs in a dozen other places, you can get any sort of a gamble you want, but mainly card games. A faro layout or two, plenty of poker and—shades of Wild Bill Hickok and Billy the Kid!—bridge. No roulette. You can buy any sort of drink you want over most of the bars in defiance of state law, which allows only beer and wine.

There are four varieties of boom town at Grand Coulee, all worth looking at. Probably nowhere else on earth are all four kinds blooming and booming side by side.

First, there's Coulee Dam, built and operated by the federal government.

Second, there's Mason City, constructed and run by the contractors.

Third, there is Grand Coulee City, formed by a merger of parts of three other dam-site towns, and operated by a regulation mayor and council.

Fourth, there are a dozen unorganized cities, operated by community clubs, with very little government of any kind.

The Town without a Chimney

Let's take a look at these four systems of living, their costs, advantages and drawbacks:

Coulee Dam, at the mouth of Fiddle Creek, right down in the canyon, is where engineers and officials of the Reclamation Service live. It's complete down to the last light globe and geranium. Its seventy-seven homes cost \$340,000 and Uncle Sam collects \$2,900 a month rent from his tenants. Also, there are fifty-seven court-type apartments, costing \$120,000, and Uncle Sam gets \$900 a month rent. Tenants do their own upkeep and pay extra for water, light and other services. You can get a good, solid home for from \$22 to \$28 a month—if you work for the bureau.

There's very little law. A couple of watchmen and a justice of the peace handle the 600 inhabitants quite easily. Worst crime is parking at an angle and the justice admits he wouldn't know how to marry a couple if asked. He's never been asked.

Right across the river over a new steel bridge is Mason City. That's the contractors' town. The whole thing was dug out, graded, sewerred, lighted and built in ninety days. Prefabricated homes were hammered together in a few hours by eight or ten men. Frankly built to last out the job, and no more, they rent for around \$38 a month; there are 350 of them and they're expected to pay out and make a little profit for the construction company before their usefulness is over.

The whole city, including a 1,000-men-at-a-time mess hall, a huge recreation hall and bar, a bank, movie theater, store, ball park, wading pool, jail and other public buildings, set the contractors back \$975,000; about 3,500 people live in the town.

Mason City is the famous Town without a Chimney. No basements, either. The homes, well-insulated, are electrically heated. Radiators, equipped with fans and humidifiers, hang on the walls.

Summers, the fans run to cool the rooms. And there's a new idea in heating:

You dig a four-foot hole under the house and put an electric radiator down at the bottom. Then you pile rocks—basalt's good—all over the radiator. There's a grille in the floor. Days, you run the radiator. This heats the rocks, which store the heat long enough to keep the place warm all night. Even in sub-zero weather it works. But there is a catch to power heating: Mason City folks get their power at three mills a kilowatt.

While the Getting is Good

While there are no property taxes and no votes, living in Mason City is fairly expensive. An unmarried common laborer can make only twenty dollars a week. By the time he has paid \$1.20 a day for food and two bits a night for a bed in a tent house or dormitory, he has less than ten dollars left, which wouldn't stretch to many penthouse parties even if there were any. Only sixteen per cent of the crew, however, get this low wage; some of the pay checks run up to fifty and sixty dollars a week.

newspaper, you discover already-faint hearts, willing to sacrifice town property "on account of ill health."

Most of Grand Coulee's boom-time businessmen are anchored to the idea of getting it while the getting is good. If the town busts when the last slug of concrete is poured, well—it was good while it lasted.

Fourth variety of town at the dam is represented by a dozen communities scattered around in the hills, each being advertised as the only permanent town in the area. Electric City is typical—a sprawling collection of frame houses and shacks, without any government save a sketchy county supervision and an occasional visit by a state patrolman.

Ironically enough, Electric City pays eight and a half cents a kilowatt for power—highest rate in the state—because the power company doesn't believe in the permanency of anything and aims to get back its transmission line investment before the boom collapses.

But there are compensations for living in an unorganized town. You have no city taxes. Rough-and-ready community clubs get together to put up a church or form a volunteer fire depart-

Ephrata, where old Ed Southard long ago invented the whole dam idea well before most of the present-day "fathers" of the scheme ever heard of it. Even Spokane, a lively country town ninety miles away, claims to be the Number One dam center.

It's nearly midnight now and the camp is roaring with life. Blasts of music spurt from doorways. Red, white and green lights flare across the white dust. The stark hills are outlined against the blue night. The rumble of the crowds is stabbed by a woman's laugh and the blat of an auto horn.

Fist fights start in the dance halls and end up out in the street. But you listen in vain for the crack of a .44. Coulee will have no man-for-breakfast when the sun lifts redly above the rimrock Saturday morning.

Times have changed. A hundred cars have carried away half a thousand workmen to Spokane or over the pass of the Cascades to Seattle and the coast cities. The government men, mostly married, are figuring out budgets and their wives are setting aside money for a new hat. Scores of the kids working on the dam are saving their pay to buy land around the dam, if and when. The post office has sold hundreds of money orders for dependents all over the state. The movie is discharging its late night crowd.

In the old days, the saloons and the dance halls would have got most of the \$180,000 pay roll. Today, they don't get a sixth of it.

"You'll notice," notices Mr. O'Neill, sliding the red safety helmet still farther back and accepting another beer, "that it's mostly the older fellows—the drifters—who stick around and raise what hell there is—they and the tourists. Most of the kids workin' on the Big Slab are saving their money or giving it to their folks. A couple o' beers and the movies—and they're all through. . . ."

Faith in His Country

He waved a denimed arm largely to indicate how all through they were. His hairy red fist swished across the mouth of a large hard-faced person with a diamond in his necktie. The hard one glared and Mr. O'Neill glared back . . .

In the old days—Oh, me, Oh, my!—in the old days there'd have been hands to hips and a flash of palms fanning six-gun hammers. . . .

"Pardon me, Stranger!" growled Mr. O'Neill, as your reporter ducked. "Just demonstratin' the size of the Big Slab to m' young friend here. Five times as big as the Great Pyramid of Geezer. . . ."

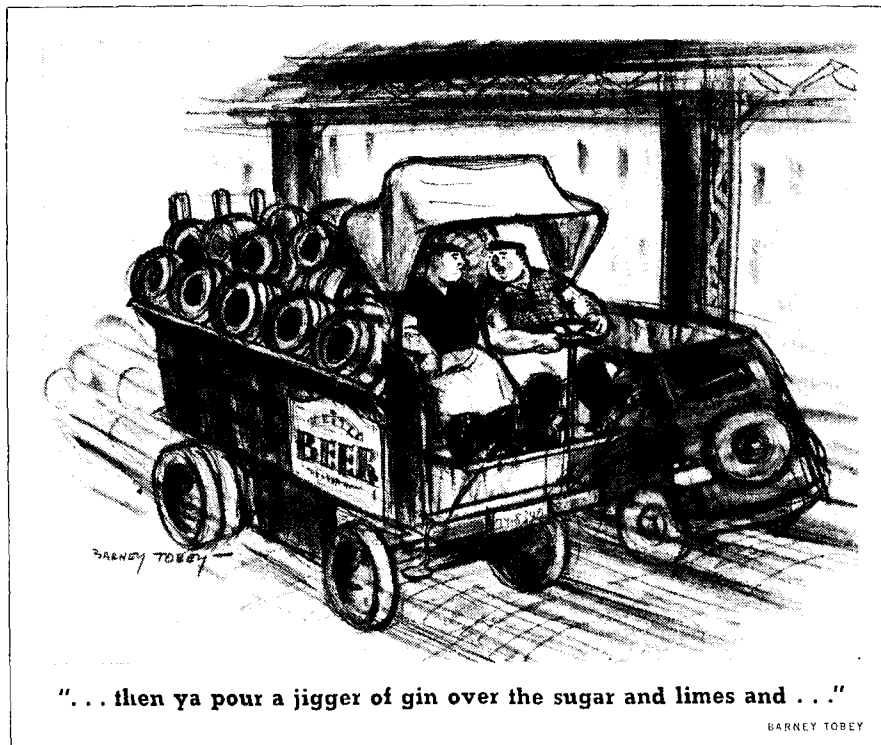
"Six times, young feller," corrected the hard one, motioning to the bartender. "The biggest thing on earth. A permanent investment by your Uncle Sam. Your Uncle Sam has faith in. . . ."

His oration was cut short by a girl in black silk slacks and blouse, who wanted somebody to whisk her down the bar on which she sat "Like they used to do in Las Vegas when Boulder was a-buildin'."

The hard-faced man regarded her with loathing and four men told her to cut it out while this here reporter was getting th' facts.

"Your Uncle Sam has faith in this country, my young friend," went on Hard Face. "One hunnert'n eighty million dollars is what he's putting into it. And is your faith weaker than his, my friend? . . . A corner lot in Delano, garden spot of the hull area. . . . \$200 down and nothin' to pay for a month. . . . a permanent investment. . . ."

O Tempora! O Mores! O Dam!



"... then ya pour a jigger of gin over the sugar and limes and . . ."

Back across the river and up the long winding road you come to the third type of town. This is Grand Coulee City, complete with a mayor, council, fire department, police force and other errors of civilization. The city hall was once the dance palace of an open-air beer garden.

Being a Republican around the dam is tantamount to having leprosy and admitting to doubts about the permanency of the town. Mr. Jackson, editor of the News, clarified the whole situation last November by devoting his front page to about a dozen words. He merely printed that if you voted Republican work on the dam would stop right away, in mid-air. So Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic candidates got about 3,500 votes and Mr. Landon and the Republicans got about 260.

Living is higher in Grand Coulee than in either Mason City or Coulee Dam. Whatever they may boast publicly about the town's lasting forever, building owners are trying to get their money back before the dam is finished about five years from now. Here and there, in the

ment or rough-grade the streets. But rents are sky-high. A home that rents for \$22 in the government town, or \$38 in the contractors' town, costs \$45 in almost any embryo "city." On the other hand, you can usually buy a \$1,500 home from some moving-out faintheart for half price or so.

Budgets Replace Bullets

A round dozen of these "cities" have sprung up in the sagebrush near the dam. Osborne and Electric City. Rimrock and Elmerton, Koontzville and El Hydro—they had trouble with a water supply, of course, at El Hydro, Basin City and Castle City. There already was a Roosevelt in Washington State, so the promoters had to be content with a Franklin and a Delano.

Away across the desert, half a dozen other towns, each claiming to be "head-quarters for the dam," are sitting up after the hard years and taking a little financial nourishment from the pay roll—Pasco and Coulee City, Hartline and Wilbur and Almira. Wenatchee and

SMARTEST

CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD



Not Only Smart
to Look at...But
Smart to Buy!

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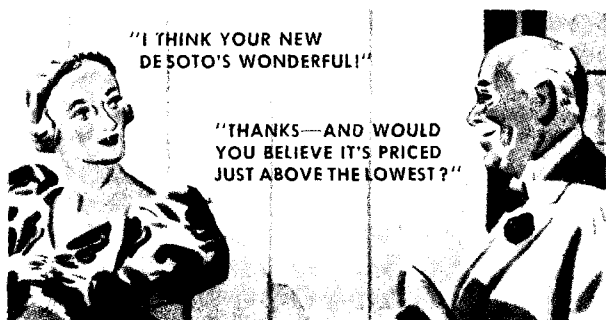
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A Play for Glory

Continued from page 22

harried promoters gave forth a cultured moan and all but fainted dead away. Goodman's victory over the defending champion was the greatest financial blow golf ever absorbed. It slashed at least \$30,000 off the gate, for Jones was the solitary magnet in the field.

Although it has become the self-appointed watchdog of amateurism's fair name, the United States Golf Association has found the Amateur gentlemen not unprofitable. The day of the truly big gates disappeared, of course, with Jones and the depression. The Atlantan was a \$50,000 attraction. Lawson Little for a time promised to bring the crowds back, but he succumbed to the wiles of professionalism before he could surround himself with much tradition and glamor. By last year, when the event was won by Johnny Fischer, fresh off the production line at the University of Cincinnati, the gate had shrunk to \$10,642.91. Most of this was derived from the entry fees charged against the 1,118 players who entered the 32 preliminary qualifying tournaments.

A Survey of the Field

The 1937 winner? There have only been two "sure things" in the Amateur since 1923—Bobby Jones and Lawson Little. Fischer, the defending champion, has not been playing well. He is trying to wring a living from that inanimate thing called the law. Jock McLean, the handsome young Scot who had the title locked in his knapsack last year until Fischer flung three birdies at him on the last three holes, has recently become a pro, "because I can no longer afford to be an amateur." Scotty Campbell, the Seattle youngster who has won the Canadian Amateur, knows those soft and windy Pacific Northwest courses as well as he knows how to putt, but he doesn't seem to get really hot except in Canada. Princeton's George Dunlap, who won the Amateur in 1933, is playing very well again and must be regarded as the dark horse.

Johnny Goodman, Charley Kocsis and Frank Strafaci, of Omaha, Chicago and Brooklyn respectively, were the three high amateurs in the 1937 Open, played in June at Detroit's grueling Oakland Hills course. But it doesn't necessarily follow that they will run 1-2-3 in the Amateur; in fact an ironclad precedent is against them.

As Richard Connell, the author, once said of the dark-tressed actress Gertrude Nissen, the Amateur is a Norse of another color. Except for two days of medal play to reduce the field, it is all match play. The Open, the P. G. A. and the big winter tournaments are all medal play. You know the difference, of course. In match play you combat a definite opponent, whose name is drawn out of the hat along with your own. If he takes five strokes on a hole, and you take four, you're one up. Neither the quantity nor even the scarcity of strokes is held important. The paramount thing is to negotiate each hole in fewer strokes than your foe.

In medal play, on the other hand, you battle only against that old devil: Par. At the end of the day you wind up not with a victory over somebody, but a score—like 69, or 96. At the end of the tournament, usually 72 holes, the golfer with the fewest number of strokes takes the top money. Ralph Guldahl's winning score of 281, in the 1937 Open, is the lowest ever recorded.

It is perhaps a little difficult for you to believe, but there is a definite line of demarcation between the good match

player and the good medal player. They use the same science, waggle the same tools, and play the same courses, but one will be a champion at match play and a palooka at medal play. And vice versa. The answer is difficult. It is bound up in such things as psychology, courage, the will to win, and other lofty phrases.

Lawson Little, universally accepted as the successor to Bobby Jones—praise that did not seem outlandish after he had won the British and American Amateurs in 1934 and 1935—has been little better than a second-rater since he embraced professionalism and its cousin, medal play. When he left the amateur

when he beats it. It is a wraith that hovers over him, a nether-world something that he can't feel, see or hear. It is too much for him, as it was too much for many before him.

You can understand from this that for all their excellence in the Open, the title may not fall among Goodman, Kocsis or Strafaci. Goodman, particularly, has shown more of a liking for medal play than for match play. He has won the medal-play Open, but never the Amateur. Great golfers are one or the other, depending on their spirit and temperament.

Jones was both, which made him the



"Every day she brings her pet alligator to the park for a romp"

GARRETT PRICE

ranks two years ago several humane linksmen were considering erecting a home for all those pros he was going to ruin. He has yet to qualify for the Open, or the P. G. A., or make the Ryder Cup team, or disentangle himself from the run-of-the-mine professionals. Yet he probably is a better golfer today than when he ruled as king of the amateurs.

Why? Because he is by nature a rough-hewn chap who produces his top golf only when confronted with a flesh-and-blood opponent. A screaming 270-yard drive, hit by an opponent, was always a personal affront to him. He'd step up there and hit one 300 yards. In the 1935 National Amateur he was playing excellent golf against some young whizz, but when they reached the 13th hole of their match he was six down! Hopping mad, he redoubled his already wonderful efforts, and beat his rival.

Now that he is in the medal-play field, the tang is gone. Instead of a human, he now must battle the gossamer figure of Par. He can't very well give it a beady-eyed stare, or threaten to punch it in the nose, or secretly revel in its chagrin

greatest. He played in those match-play Amateurs as if they were being run on a medal-play basis. If an opponent of Jones' took 17 strokes on a par-three hole, Bobby would still try to make the hole in three, or less. He battled grimly for par, birdies, and eagles, oblivious to the strength, weakness and existence of his foe. It was typical of him that in the playoff for the 1929 Open title, after tying Al Espinosa, Jones shot a 72 to Espinosa's 84 for the first additional eighteen holes and a 69 to Espinosa's 80 in the final eighteen.

Jones won the National Amateur five times between 1924 and 1930. In his first try, in 1920, he got to the semi-final, where Francis Ouimet beat him 6 up and 5 to play. He lost to Willie Hunter, the Englishman, in the third round of the 1921 Amateur, and then to Jess Sweetser in the semifinals in 1922. In 1923, after winning the Open for the first time, he lost to Max Marston in the second round of the Amateur. After that he knew few setbacks, and built a record that may never be equaled.

He won the 1924 tournament by over-

whelming George Von Elm, 9 and 8, and the 1925 event from Watts Gunn, 8 and 7. Von Elm beat him, 2 and 1, in the final round of the 1926 tournament, but Bobby beat Chick Evans in 1927 by a score of 8 and 7 and walloped Tom Perkins, of England, 10 and 9 in the 1928 edition. We already have accounted for the disastrous 1929 affair, but in 1930 he made the Amateur the fourth jewel in his immortal Grand Slam by annihilating Gene Homans, 8 and 7. And called it quits.

Contrary to popular belief, 99 per cent of the Amateur gentlemen are poor. Strafaci, until recently at least, was a part-time plumber. Goodman is a car salesman. Fischer, friends say, is looking around for a method of increasing his income. Joe Thompson, the Canadian star, and Bill Holt, of Buffalo, came to the 1936 Amateur in a lean-to trailer, and parked it on the golf course. They cooked their own meals to save money. Ray Billows, New York amateur champion in 1935 and 1937, traveled about in a \$15 car and slept in it en route. Paul Leslie, 1936 Western amateur champion, got to the tournament in a borrowed car, and saved caddie fees by having a pal carry his sticks. Charley Yates and Fred Hass, two boys who must be watched in the 1937 Amateur, lived in a seven-dollar-a-week room at the 1936 tournament, and feasted on two-bit meals.

Sport for the Proletariat

Among the 700 golfers who will take part in the qualifying rounds, and the 200 who will get into the Portland classic, will be machinists, cab drivers, telegraphers, out-of-work caddies, WPA file clerks, typewriter repairmen, waiters, insurance salesmen, Y. M. C. A. secretaries and a host of hard-pressed college boys existing happily on a slim vacation budget. A good fifty per cent of the entrants will have to pinch themselves, financially, just to get in the tournament—in the forlorn hope that they'll win it and get a professional bid.

Of course there is a well-to-do golfer here and there in the ranks. The law of averages takes care of that. But he is definitely fated to be an also-ran. Gene Sarazen said not long ago that only a hungry pro can win the Open any more. This is doubly true of the Amateur, wherein combatants often must make up for the flaws in their stroke equipment by fierce determination.

It is more than a coincidence that the winner of the first two Amateur championships—W. G. Lawrence in 1894 and C. B. Macdonald, in 1895—both were members of the exclusive Newport club, and that a plumber might very well win it this year. Amateur golf, once the sanctuary of the select, has become as democratic as the Union Station washroom. But Strafaci, a sand-lot product, could beat a dozen of the immortals of old. The game, like time, has marched on.

The 1937 tournament, forty-first of the series, may lack the mob appeal that Jones gave to the meet, but it will be a good hard hand-to-hand conflict, played with a goodly sprinkling of happy-go-lucky kids and men, playing only for the sheer joy and experience. They are a vanishing race in these days of grim links warfare. If it achieves nothing else, the Amateur justifies its existence by harboring and encouraging these departing sportsmen.

To the winner will go a nice shiny medal, and reams of newspaper adulation. The medal and clippings, plus a nickel, will buy him a cup of coffee.

Handy Man

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

EVEN the most casual meeting with Major George Leonard Berry, the new senator from Tennessee, gives a sense of sinking fathoms deep into some bottomless pool of complete content. Never was there a man who exuded a more absolute sense of satisfaction with the world about him, even down to the least of the creatures that inhabit it. Refulgent is the only word that could possibly be applied to his round face, bright blue eyes and lofty forehead, and in rare moments of silence one can hear the ceaseless drip of happiness from every little pore. Sweeter than honey in the honeycomb is his voice, his handclasp is a caress, his embrace a delicious massage, and as they view the major's ecstatic enjoyment of life and living the mountains leap like rams.

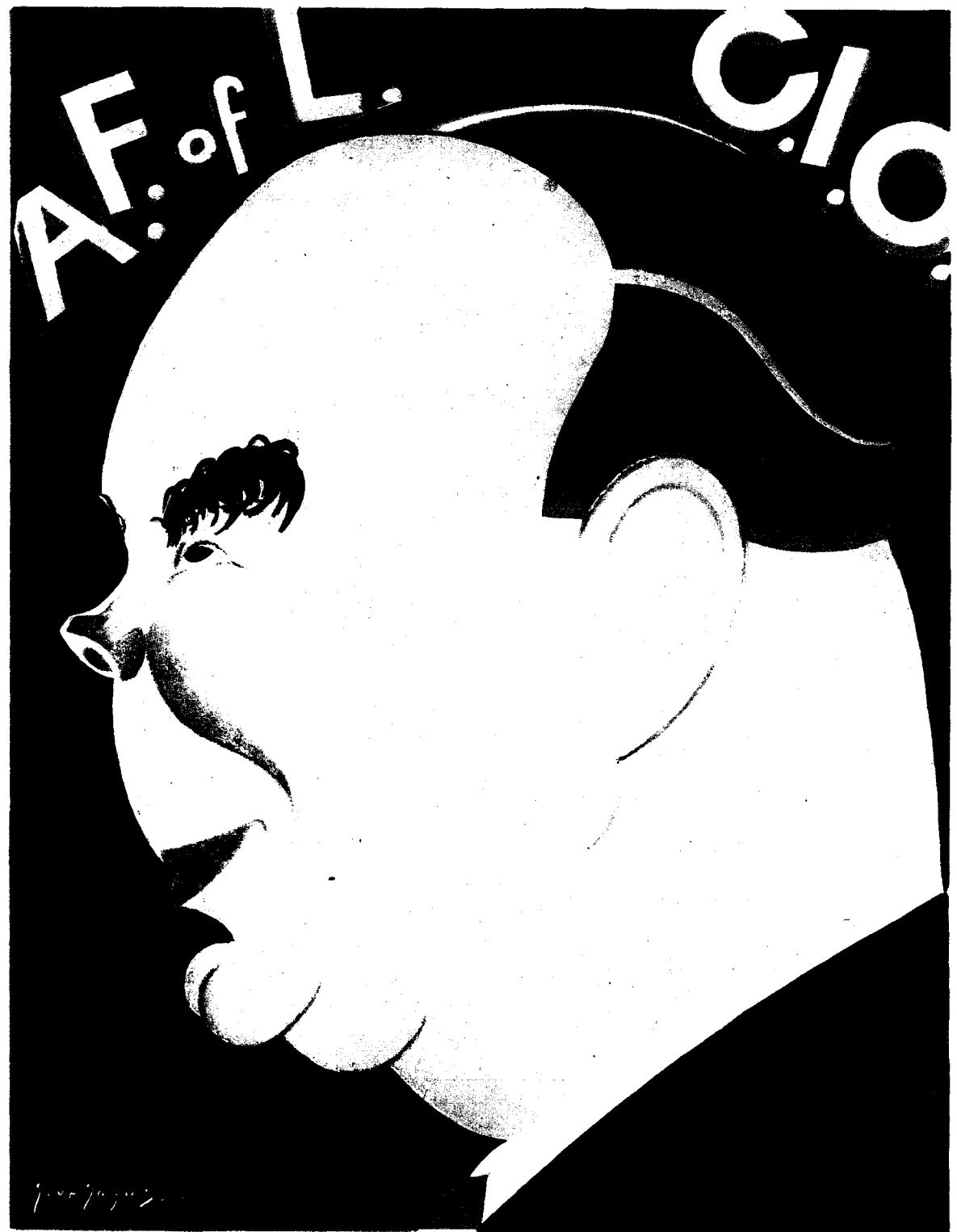
And why wouldn't he be that way? Take all the success stories ever written, and they are poor and pale in comparison with the amazing career of George Leonard Berry, America's greatest Glad Boy. An orphan at seven, and an unregarded drudge far into his adolescence, learning to read and write by his own efforts, and yet today rich and powerful, sitting in the seats of the mighty, virtually life president of a great labor organization, one of the nation's foremost agriculturists, tilling thousands of acres; a banker, a newspaper proprietor, an inventor still in control of his brain children, and the senator from a sovereign commonwealth. Can you wonder that George Leonard is pained by the angers and discontents of humanity, and feels that he has a divine mission to spread sweetness and light?

Born in 1882 in Hawkins County, Tennessee, the major-senator very modestly gives due credit both to his racial stock and his environment. Of English and Scotch blood, his people drifted down the Holston from Virginia in pre-Revolutionary days and settled on the stern Appalachian slopes, where men had to be men, growing bone and sinew if nothing else. Orphaned before he was seven, the boy had dire need of strength and courage, for an Iowa aunt found herself unable to keep him, and an Illinois institution blundered miserably in the effort to find him a proper home. Once he was jerked back from Utah before the destination tag was off his jacket.

As a result of several unhappy experiences the nine-year-old determined to strike out for himself, and eventually landed in Jackson, Mississippi. After a series of odd jobs, during which he bedded down in the depot and lumber yards, he found a place as printer's devil with the town's evening paper. Sleeping on the premises, and cooking his own meals, he learned to feed the press and set type, and in spare moments managed to pick up the rudiments of reading and writing. Although only in his sixteenth year at the time of the war with Spain, he enlisted as a private, and, while barred from active service by his youth, gained a taste for adventuring that made him dissatisfied with the placid precincts of Jackson.

Heading west, his first stop was at St. Louis, where he found work in the pressroom of the Globe-Democrat. There, too, he discovered a labor union, the first time he had ever heard of such a thing, and signed up with a large resounding shout. Since that time, it may be mentioned, he has developed "joining" into an art, and is now a life member of the Elks, the Eagles, the Moose, the Odd Fellows, and Rotary International, besides being a Shriner and a potent factor in the American Legion.

The trouble with the St. Louis job was that the wages did not match George Leonard's appetite. Great was his joy, therefore, when he learned that an athletic club was crazy enough to give real money for



George Leonard Berry, Tennessee's new senator and America's greatest Glad Boy

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

boxing matches, for by virtue of evening workouts in a church gymnasium he had acquired considerable skill with the gloves. Every Saturday night found him clamoring for a bout, and being strong as a bull and quick as a cat, the husky young Tennessean rapidly developed into a first-class lightweight, carrying off purses with consistent regularity.

From the Ring to Politics

His next halt was in Nebraska, where he gained the favorable regard of the great J. Sterling Morton, but, still restless, he soon moved on to Denver and then to San Francisco, where he ran the presses for a monthly magazine. At that time, around 1903, California was the mecca of every fighting man, and, as in St. Louis, young Berry added to his income by Saturday-night appearances. He did well enough to be given engagements in mountain and valley towns, and no less authorities than James J. Corbett, Frank Erne, Joe Choynski and Stanley Ketchell were of the opinion that the Tennessee Kid had what it takes, and urged him to make the ring his lifework.

"I loved the game," Senator Berry confesses, "but, after looking at the battered mugs of men who were washed up at thirty, I couldn't see it as a business."

What probably helped him in his decision was a sudden turn of the wheel that shot him into political prominence. Along with his pressman's job and prize

fighting, young Berry had identified himself actively with the union movement, rising to be secretary of San Francisco's Central Labor Council. When the Schmitz-Ruef scandals broke, therefore, he was in a position to lead an aggressive minority in demanding that organized labor not only purge itself but join in the "cleanup" started by a citizens' committee. As a consequence, he became quite a figure, even being named to the board of supervisors by the new reform mayor, but at that moment word came down from Nevada that gold had been discovered and the restless Berry feet carried him over the Sierras on a dead run.

He did fairly well for himself both in Goldfield and in Tonopah, but after taking stock of himself one day decided that the thing for him to do was to stick by his trade and devote his energies to building up a strong and responsible union movement. So back to San Francisco he trudged, and in 1907 his local sent him as a delegate to the annual convention of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union. It was in that gathering that George Leonard Berry had his first big opportunity and did he take it! Always oratorical, the Tennessean pulled a William J. Bryan stunt that stirred the delegates to mad enthusiasm by his speeches, and it was almost by acclamation that he was elected president. In this office he has remained to this day, having had only one opponent in thirty years.

At the very outset, President Berry laid down

this guiding policy: "The prosperity of the investor, management and labor depends upon the prosperity and stability of the industry in which they are engaged. There exists between these elements an inescapable community of interest. They cannot take out of business more than they put into it jointly and all wastes of whatever nature, whether wastes in the use of raw materials, inefficiencies, strikes or lockouts, visit themselves upon all who are engaged in business. Therefore, I subscribe to the principle of conciliation, mediation and, as a last resort, arbitration before considering the stoppage of business, which in itself is the largest element of waste."

He has lived up to this policy with such courage and integrity that there are practically no daily newspapers in the United States and Canada that do not have union pressrooms. Moreover, during the thirty years of the Berry administration only two major disturbances have arisen; one was a lockout in Chicago that cost the newspapers millions before it was defeated, and the other an unauthorized strike in New York. President Berry crushed it by canceling the charter of the rebellious local and furnishing union men from other parts of the country to break the strike.

The World War undoubtedly came as an interruption, but President Berry dropped everything to volunteer, and was commissioned as a major in the engineering division. Efficient in everything, he did a good job of road building in France, and after the Armistice was named by President Wilson as labor adviser to the Peace Commission. To this day, it is the major's great pride that he played no small part in creating the International Labor Bureau that is now the best feature of League work in Geneva. Also, when listeners can be found, he delights to mention that he spoke for the United States before the Chamber of Deputies in France and the House of Commons in London. If pressed, he will even repeat the speeches.

The war behind him, and the American Legion duly organized, the major now quit "fooling around" and settled down to real work. As a result, 1927 found him ready to take his place among the great industrialists of the nation, finally perfecting a five-color label-printing press on which he had been working for fourteen years. The first one cost \$125,000, a gamble that took every penny that he could rake and scrape, but today his plant is the largest in the United States, turning out wrappers for every one of the cigarette companies.

An Ardent New Dealer

The owner of three newspapers, controlling director in one bank and a large stockholder in another, it is also the case that Major Berry can claim rank as one of the nation's leading agriculturists. A 7,000-acre place in Trigg County, Kentucky, was paid for by the crossties that he cut from his oak trees, and his twelve farms in East Tennessee, aggregating about 20,000 acres, are not only forested scientifically but cultivated scientifically. If one abates vigilance for a split second, the major will tell exactly what he sold last year, and the net profit down to a penny.

The "war against the depression," as Mr. Roosevelt called it, found Major Berry bounding forward with true Appalachian patriotism. No man in America was a more ardent New Dealer from the first, and, plunging neck-deep into the NRA, he served as a member of the Labor Advisory Board in connection with textiles, steel and coal. Refusing to take a cent of salary, he also sat on the National Labor Relations Board when Senator Wagner brought that body into

being, profoundly irritating his union colleagues by calling Mr. Teagle "dear Walter," and talking with him as one gentleman farmer to another. At that, he did a real job, and when the Supreme Court brought the Blue Eagle fluttering down to earth in 1935, of all General Johnson's merry men only Major Berry stood fast, taking the post of co-ordinator for Industrial Co-operation. His duties were "to supervise, subject to the direction of the President, conferences of representatives of industry, labor, and consumers for consideration of the best means of accelerating industrial recovery, eliminating unemployment and maintaining business and labor standards."

Building for a Sound Industry

A thankless task, with the NRA seemingly dead as free silver, and employers as delighted as labor was disgruntled, but Major Berry, unflaggingly energetic and never-faillingly good-humored, pegged away, ignoring derision, sneers and snubs. Day after day he drove home, to management and labor, the necessity of some form of social control that would safeguard industry against wolfish competition, and slowly but soundly he built up a group that represented 650,000 employing units, and the heads of virtually every labor organization in the country. And the result? Nothing less than the bill for maximum hours and minimum wages that is now before Congress with every chance of passage.

A full life, and yet the major has never failed to find time for a fairly furious political activity. In 1914, he was a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in Tennessee, losing out by a small margin, and in 1924 "Brother Charlie" Bryan won the vice-presidential nomination from him by three votes. Smarting under these defeats, the only setbacks that marked an otherwise successful career, the major came forward with a rush in 1936, and joined with John L. Lewis and Sidney Hillman in the organization of Labor's Non-Partisan League. Doubtless Mr. Roosevelt would have been elected anyway, but nothing is more certain than that the league deserves a lion's share of the credit for the overwhelming Democratic majority last November. Not only did it put a working force of more than a million behind the President but a peep at the books of the Democratic National Committee will show that the league's cash contributions ran well above \$700,000.

After the great victory, there was a general whisper to the effect that Major Berry might receive a Cabinet appointment, but when Senator Bachman died suddenly in early May, those on the inside were confident that the major's political future was fixed for the moment, at least, for all knew that Governor Gordon Browning owed his election to the indefatigable major. And did the governor come through? George Leonard will say he did!

What sort of a senator will he make? The answer ought to be obvious. A man doesn't start from behind scratch, as he started, and come to the top, as he has come, without having curves, speed, control and a hop to his fast one. True, people may josh him for his "glad" stuff, but it is in no sense an affectation, for optimism and kindness have been his most marked characteristics from the beginning. He likes humanity individually and as a whole, and has no sincerer wish than for the happiness and well-being of all. Generous in every instinct, ardently patriotic, highly articulate, and with energy, courage and common sense proved by his record, why wouldn't he make good in his new job?



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Swing Low the Chariot

Continued from page 19

"He gonter do good," Giles announced. "I'm on my way to de shop, right now, and I'm gonter show him one more time how to sharp a p'int. And efn he don't do good, I'm gonter take one er dem p'int and I'm gonter whup his years offn him. I ain't never put up wid no sorry work, and I'm too old to start now." He mounted his horse and rode off at a dead run.

The Widow Duck turned to Betsy. "Giles is sort er riled up, ain't he?"

"Hit's enough to plague de soul outn anybody," Betsy told her. "He got short patience for sorry work, and dat new blacksmith ain't done no yuther kind."

"B'r Charlie wan't de best in de world," the Widow Duck recalled slyly, "but he de best ever been around hyar, in my day and time."

Betsy nodded agreement. "But you know, Mis' Duck," she said, "hit ain't for me to monkey in Giles' business. I got plenty business er my own to monkey in."

"I'll monkey in his business," the Widow Duck stated bluntly. "When Giles was a baby, I drug him 'cross my knee and paddled him too many times for me not to monkey in his business when hit suits my pleasure and do's good for him. I'm gonter ush up a meetin' tonight, and you tell Giles I axes him kindly to come out. Tell him I got good things in my mind. You spread de news 'round de front, and I'll drap on twarge de back and git de word scattered."

THE Widow Duck walked to the back of the place and told two or three people that a meeting was called for that evening. She knew word would spread.

Near sundown, she made a small slip-loop at the end of a piece of wire, and tied a piece of meat to a long string. A few moments later, she was standing on the bayou bank, holding the meat temptingly on the water's surface, just in front of the wire loop.

Presently, there was a swish in the water and the Widow Duck yanked on the wire. A three-pound gar with a hay-wire noose around his long snout flopped on the bank.

"Come hyar, you rascal," she chuckled. "I'm gonter feast my body on you, and let de Lawd feast my soul on whatever please His sweet pleasure."

She took the fish home, cleaned it, cut it into chunks and put it in an iron kettle with plenty of chopped onions and potatoes. She set the pot on the coals and then washed and dressed for church.

It was not quite dark when she arrived but already the new preacher was there, surrounded by the younger women and talking powerfully "refained" to them. The Widow Duck sat on the steps and waited for Giles and Betsy.

"I got a gar in de kittle at my house," she told Betsy. "Whyn't you bring Giles by, after meetin', and let's have a snack?"

"Sounds good," agreed Betsy. "You want to, Giles?"

"I kin understand gar stew," declared the foreman.

"Kin you understand a blacksmith?"

Giles frowned. "Don't say blacksmith to me," he growled. "I jest got done runnin' one offn de place. Dat's what made me too mad to eat supper."

The Widow Duck sighed. "Efn you onderstood de Bible, you'd know dat a fair trade ain't no skin offn nobody's back. I got a preacher I don't want, and you got a blacksmith you don't want, so I trades you even."

"I ain't got no blacksmith," Giles

stated, "and I don't want no preacher. Efn I took yo' preacher for a gift, I'd lose money."

The Widow Duck chuckled. "Maybe I got a blacksmith you kin use and maybe you got a preacher I kin use."

GILES did not comprehend everything the Widow Duck was saying, but he knew she was smart at solving riddles, and the news that she had a blacksmith sounded good to him. "Now you's tawkin' sense," he said. "Put dat blacksmith whar yo' mouf is, and lemme see him. Kin he sharp a buzzard-wing plow?"

"May not be de best in de world," the Widow Duck told him, "but he de best you kin git."

"Hit's a trade," declared Giles heartily. "Whar de blacksmith at?"

"Whar my preacher at?"

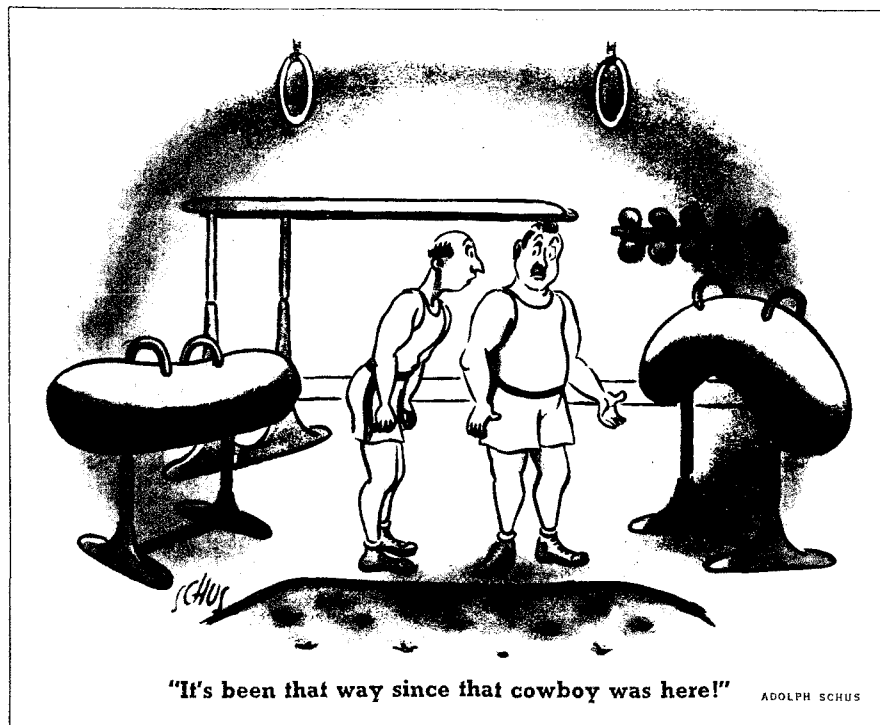
time until the old church fairly shook.

Any preacher worthy of the name would know enough to pitch right into his sermon while the members were worked up like that. But the Reverend Mack sat as though slightly bored by the whole thing, and polished his glasses.

After so long a time, the song came to a wailing end. And then the Reverend Mack stood up.

When he spoke, his voice sounded harsh and unpleasant to the ears of the people who had, all their lives, heard only the soft elisions of the Louisiana plantation folks. The Reverend Mack didn't preach; he just talked. His subject, he said, was Education. He believed that education was good for people and he talked for five minutes about why he believed it.

"What kind er preachin' you calls dat?" Betsy grumbled.



"Name him," Giles offered, "and I'll send and git him. Whar he at?"

"B'r Charlie. Over in de berry country."

Giles' face fell. "Naw," he said positively. "I don't send and git no nigger, once he runs off."

"Now, Giles," the Widow Duck persuaded, "he didn't runned off. He jest left."

"He left a heap er plowp'int's dull, too."

"He hadn't ought to did dat," the Widow Duck admitted. "But fo'ks do's a heap er things dey ought not to did. He jest backslided on dem plowp'int's. De Lawd know people backslides, once in a while, and He forgive 'em."

"De Lawd," Giles pointed out, "ain't got to make a crop er cotton ev'y year, neither."

Reub tapped the church bell and the conversation was halted. Everybody went inside, the Widow Duck and Betsy taking their seats on the usher bench in the front, and Giles, because he was the foreman, sat down with them.

Reverend Mack sat nonchalantly in the preacher's chair, flanked by Reub and Grant, the two senior deacons. Mamie T, Dawthy Dell and Zurline, the committee who had "called" the preacher, placed chairs before the pulpit and sat facing the audience.

The Widow Duck raised the first song, which went on for several minutes and the congregation sang and stamped

"Ax Zurline," the Widow Duck whispered. "She call hit 'refained' preachin'." Zurline hid her face behind a palm-leaf fan.

Another example of education, the Reverend Mack pointed out, was the Prophet Daniel. He was a captive in prison when there came handwriting on the wall. It was in a strange language, but Daniel, being an educated man, could read it.

Reub mumbled a half-hearted "a-men," but his voice sounded strangely unnatural.

THUS encouraged, the preacher tried another Biblical illustration. The King of Babylon, he said, was an educated man, also. He was not gifted in reading strange languages, but he was learned in the science of building. He built a great wall around his city, so wide that a chariot could be driven on top of it.

"Jest one chariot?" The Widow Duck sighed disgustedly and began to doze.

And while the Widow Duck napped, two things happened. They came slowly, and independently of each other.

One was the preacher shifting his talk to more personal experiences in the value of education, and the other was a familiar rhythmic clanging that drifted to the Widow Duck's ears. She did not know whether she actually heard the sounds or if she were only dreaming.

Only that afternoon, the preacher said, he was out in the fields talking to

some members of the church. A ruffian had ridden up and ordered him to hoe cotton. Now, if he had not been made wise by education, he would have refused to hoe, and then he would have had trouble. But he was educated. So he took the hoe and pretended to work as long as the ruffian watched. Then, as soon as he rode away, the preacher, with superior education, quit work.

Giles suddenly caught the idea. He jumped up.

"You th'owed down dat hoe on me?" he yelled, and leaped for the preacher. "Ain't nobody kin do me like dat!"

Education failed the Reverend Mack, for once, as the foreman rode him to the floor. A yelp of terror was the only resistance the preacher could offer.

The pounding which the Widow Duck had been hearing became real to her. It was unmistakably the rhythm of B'r Charlie's hammer on a hot plowpoint. The Widow Duck came to that realization suddenly and without trying to figure out why B'r Charlie should be sharpening plowpoints at night, she burst into song the chorus of which was picked up lustily:

"—Let me ride,
Hit was burnin'—let me ride,
Hit was burnin'—let me ride,
Swing low de chariot and let me ride!"

"Come on," shouted the Widow Duck, "le's have church!"

THE congregation responded with enthusiasm. The Widow Duck, still singing as loudly as she could, pulled Giles off the preacher.

"Let him be water uner yo' bridge, son," she told Giles. "Church ain't no place to be fightin' at."

The Widow Duck dragged the Reverend Mack to his feet.

"Travel," she told him. "You's too refained for us." And the educated preacher fled.

"I'll beat his years off," growled Giles. "Drappin' a hoe after I puts hit in his hand!"

"Water under the bridge," the Widow Duck advised. "He ain't been gone a minute and I bet he done made a solid mile on away f'm hyar. So ease yo' soul. I tole you I'd trade you a blacksmith for a preacher."

"What you mean, blacksmith?" demanded the foreman.

The Widow Duck led him from the milling singers and shouters. From the steps of the church they could hear the familiar clanging at the blacksmith shop. Nobody but B'r Charlie ever beat a plowpoint like that and Giles knew it.

"I bet dat one-laigged fool comed back!" he declared. "I'm goin' over and—"

"You ain't goin' nowhars," the Widow Duck told him. "B'r Charlie comed back and went right to work, tryin' to ketch up whar he left off. And dat's all you kin ax of anybody. How he comed back, I don't know no mo'n you does. Maybe he don't know. Maybe de Lawd brang him back. Maybe collections was too thin, and he had to come back. Maybe dey run him outn town. I don't know and I don't keer. All I know is, he's back. I traded you a blacksmith for a preacher, and de Bible say a fair trade ain't no skin offn nobody's back."

Giles relented. "But I didn't trade even," he warned. "I said you had to give me a bait er gar stew to boot."

The Widow Duck chuckled. "Well, go and git Betsy outn dat groanin' bunch er hypocrites, and le's go see about dat stew. Hit ought to be cooked, by now."

The Magic Suit

Continued from page 26

repairing shattered cars and working on his push-button invention, and meantime Henry and Elfreda saw a great deal of each other.

That friendship began without enthusiasm. At first, she was merely polite to Henry and remained aloof. He was a city man and had a few airs. When she first met him, he was wearing a blue suit, with a blue tie, white dots, and the second time he had on a gray suit and the third time it was the gray suit again, but the fourth time—that is when a change occurred. Henry was wearing a brownish sort of getup, tinted with green, the design being rather remarkable.

It wasn't actually a loud suit and yet it wasn't quiet, either.

It was indeed a rare gem and Henry himself felt its strange influence upon his spirit. The first time he ever wore it, he felt like a different man. Once when he was pretty blue over the business outlook, he happened to change into the suit and immediately his melancholy fled and the world turned bright and gay again. It gave him confidence and self-reliance and naturally he began to be superstitious. On the day he decided to ask for a raise in pay he donned the lucky garb, walked into the office and got the raise.

The instant Elfreda saw him in the brown-green, she was aware of a sudden shock and a change in her feelings toward him. After a while, she told him frankly.

"That's about the nicest suit in the world," she said in front of the Palace Drug, where they stopped for sundaes. "Has a very queer effect on a person. I mean it really has a queer effect."

"You like it?" he asked, pleased, staring at himself in a gum-machine mirror. "Like it? Much more than that. When you have it on, you don't seem to be the same boy."

"It is rather nifty," he admitted. "Maybe the wool in it comes from a lucky sheep, because I've noticed there's something odd, myself."

WHATEVER he believed, he continued to wear it, being fond of Elfreda and trusting she would grow fonder of him, day by day, until some happy time when he could perk up and ask her to become a shirtman's bride. He never gave Joe a thought. If Joe had lost out—well, that was just tough luck for Joe, who would likely go on being a mechanic and couldn't support a wife, anyhow.

Being superstitious, Henry stuck steadfastly to the fortunate suit, meeting Elfreda often. He sidetracked the blue and gray suits, and so the thing that will certainly happen to any man's duds—if he wears one suit constantly—began to happen to Henry's. It was not a perfectly new suit when he appeared in Castor City, and it began to turn null and void. The trousers started to wear out. It was Elfreda herself who noticed.

"Henry," she said, a trifle shocked—he was bending over to examine the oil gauge—"I believe your trousers are wearing out. They look shiny and thin."

"Well," he said cheerily, "I wouldn't be surprised. I'll take care of that. Next time I'm in Frisco I'll get another pair exactly like this, dot for dot."

The next time he was in Frisco, Henry combed the city from stem to stern, hunting diligently and vainly for a duplicate. Managers and head clerks looked loftily at the suit he was wearing and said: "You won't find one like it in this man's town—or any other. They don't make 'em any more."

Henry returned dejectedly to Castor City, told Elfreda the news and that was

the same week the trousers definitely gave up the ghost. Henry was left with a coat and vest and a few uneasy reflections.

It was Joe Hawley who came to the rescue, good old Joe, with never an envious or jealous bone in his body. He was sitting in the garage, eating a slab of cold pie and reading the Frisco paper, and he noticed a small advertisement, which he tore out and took home to Henry. It was a clothing ad, or rather a clothing replacement ad.

"This might be of use, Henry," he said that night and Henry read it carefully. All it said was that the Frisco Pants Company of 33 Cosey Street would provide any man with a new pair of trousers. "We match your coat and vest," Henry read.

"Say," cried Henry with a happy grin, "that sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Thanks, old man."

HENRY was definitely worrying by this time, for he was back in his blue and gray suit, and while everything was all right on the surface he could detect a chill. Elfreda was as friendly as ever but there was that undersurface change a man can invariably discover in a woman—a faint difference in inflection or the tone of voice; a turn of the chin, a certain something in her glance—all wholly intangible, but as definite as the Pyramids.

Henry Pigeon took his measurements with great care, cut a square of cloth from the defunct trousers and mailed it to Frisco, requesting the Pants Company to mail him the bill in advance of the job, or ship the new pants C. O. D.

That afternoon, an old-clothes huckster drove by in the alley, ringing his bell and Henry, always a careful lad about money, hastened down and sold the remains of the trousers. He asked fifty cents and the old-clothes man offered twenty-five, so Henry gladly took the twenty-five and the man jangled away.

The next morning, Henry happened into the shirt factory and received sudden orders to begin selling shirts on the road. He had been idling in Castor City, waiting for the new lines and here they were. At once, he hurried over to the library.

"I am leaving town today," he informed Elfreda, "for a business run around my circuit, so I won't be able to see you for a while."

Elfreda said she was sorry to hear it. "But you'll be back here on the thirtieth of the month, won't you? Remember?" "Remember what?"

"Why, the Charity Ball. We already have our tickets. Henry, you simply must be here for the ball."

"That's right," he exclaimed. "And don't worry, because I'll be here, if I have to hire an airplane. There is another matter, Elfreda, that I believe will interest you. I am about to have a new pair of trousers to go with the coat and vest."

"No!" she cried. "How did you do it?" "There is a concern in Frisco. They make a specialty of such things. Joe saw the advertisement."

They chatted gaily for half an hour, and then Henry was off to pack his bags. Before hopping off, he drove over to the garage and had a word with Joe.

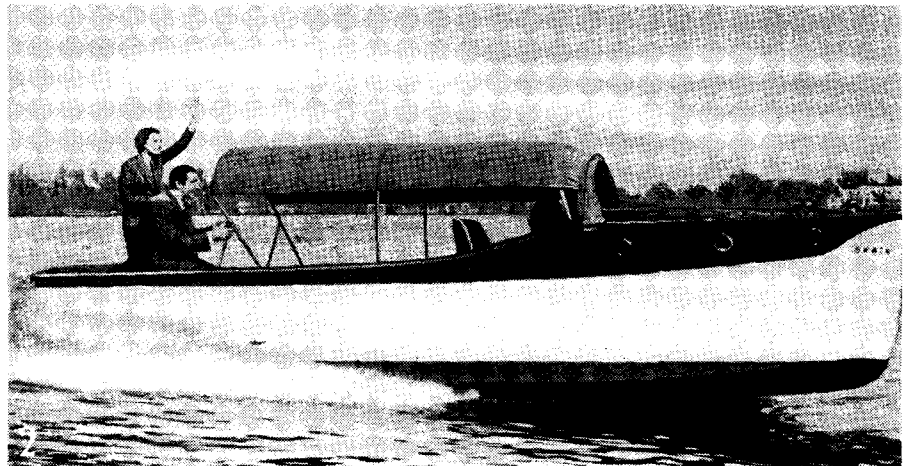
"I'll be gone some time, Joe. Take care of that pants business for me, will you? I mean you pay whatever charges there are and I'll square up with you when I return."

"Certainly," said Joe and Henry pounded on out of town happily.

Four days later there was a letter on



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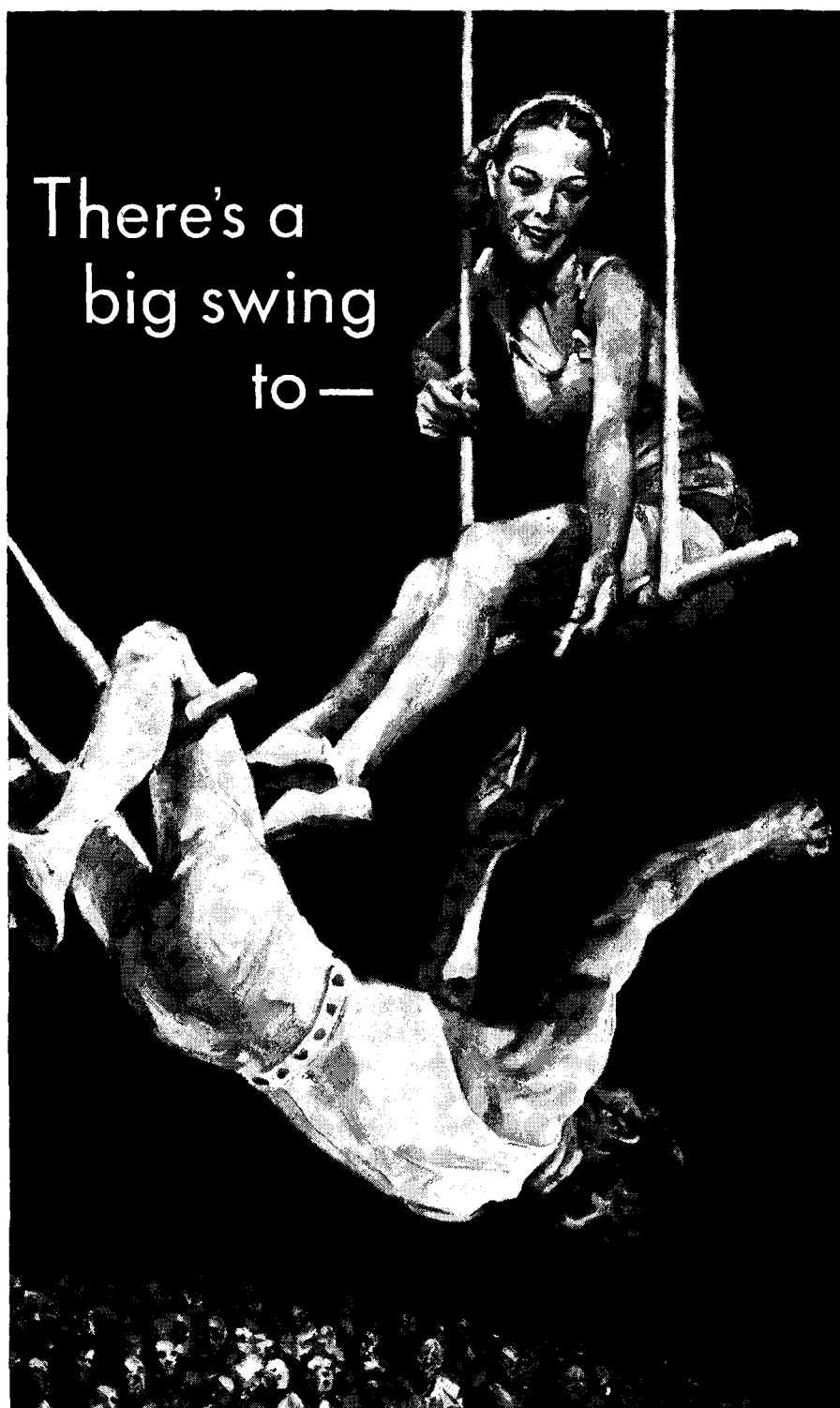
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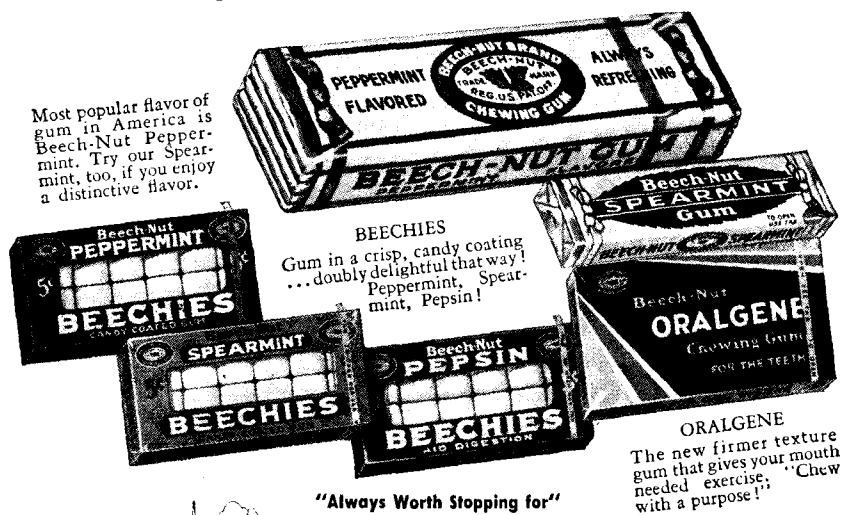
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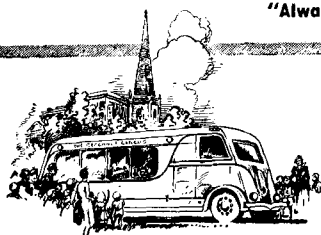


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the Durkin hatrack for Henry Pigeon, coming from the Frisco Pants Company, as anyone could see, and Mrs. Durkin asked Joe what to do about it.

"Maybe I better open it," Joe suggested, "because when he went on this trip, he asked me to pay any pants bills and maybe that is the bill."

It was not a bill, but a letter and it said: "Dear Mr. Pigeon: We have received your order for the trousers, with measurements and sample of the cloth and will go ahead with same. We have been having a strike in our pants business lately and some confusion and due to same, with bricks and such, your sample of cloth has been mislaid or lost. Please send by mail another swatch or sample of cloth and oblige. The Frisco Pants Company."

JOE HAWLEY slowly stroked his chin. He knew, from what Henry had stated, that having the pants made was a matter of utmost importance. Henry had said: "Joe, those pants mean more in my life than you can imagine." After deep reflection and figuring that a concern cannot go ahead unless it has something to go ahead on, Joe walked into the clothes closet, where they both kept garments, took a pair of scissors and cut a sample of cloth from Henry's coat. This he mailed at once to Frisco, with a request to hurry the job along, signing his own name to the letter, and asking them to mail him the bill.

Four days later, to the minute, Joe had another letter from Mr. Barbour, general manager and president of the Pants Company, its tone more or less apologetic. It said: "Dear Mr. Hawley: With regard to the pants for Mr. Henry Pigeon of Castor City, would state that there has been a delay, owing to our plant either burning down itself, or being burned down by strikers or ex-strikers or others. This occurred yesterday and the plant is now smoldering in ashes, but we are carrying on with business across the street at 32 Cosey Street. . . . Owing to the fire having burned up sample for Pigeon pants, will you kindly send a fresh swatch and oblige? The Frisco Pants Company."

Without a moment's delay, Joe strode into the closet again and at first thought of removing a sample from the vest, but decided it would be better to stick to the one and same garment. He quietly snipped out another sample of cloth and sent it along to Frisco, hoping they would get to work at once. They did nothing of the sort. There was a wait. Mr. Barbour's next letter to Joe was abject and pathetic: "Dear Mr. Hawley: It is with genuine regret that I have to tell you that our cashier and bookkeeper has absconded with the company's cash funds and also three days' mail and it so happened that your last sample of cloth for Pigeon pants happened to be in the mail taken away by our Mr. Feeny, the cashier. He is not liable to be coming back here again, and so in order to go ahead with the Pigeon contract we will have to ask you for another swatch. Trusting we are not causing you much inconvenience, we remain, The Frisco Pants Company, per Barbour."

Mr. Hawley read this over twice and then patiently gouged another hunk out of the magic coat and mailed it with a vague feeling that all was not well. The coat was beginning to show it. Henry Pigeon was doing fine on the road, having sold eight gross of shirts, and he was happily ignorant of what was taking place back home. Henry was in a little town called Black Rock on the day Joe Hawley had another letter from Mr. Barbour, stating that burglars had broken into the new plant, stealing and destroying with the savagery of their ilk and causing Mr. Barbour to have to ask for another sample. Then there ensued a long wait, with no news and finally a

telegram, stating that a couple of drunks in a motorcar had crashed through the plate-glass window into the cutting department, totally destroying the day's work. That was one more swatch and it would have been the last one, except there was another one—a new shipping clerk, a mere lad, now fired off the job, had been using the last swatch as a pen-wiper, totally ending its value to Mr. Barbour.

Joe sent in the final sample, the pants concern went rapidly ahead and being honest people and able to do as they advertised, they soon reproduced the original pants, packed them in a blue box and sent them to Castor City. Joe remitted a check, as per instructions, tried on the pants himself, he being exactly Henry's build and thickness, and found everything right.

Two days later, Henry Pigeon suddenly stopped selling shirts, now having twelve gross to his credit, and made a flying visit home, first to see Elfreda and second to see the pants. He was in town only two hours. He picked Joe up at the garage and they headed for home.

"Your pants are here all right," Joe stated in answer to the anxious query.

"How do they look?"

"Oh, they look swell," said Joe. "Just the same as brand-new. But I'm a little worried, at that."

Henry hurried into the house, held up the new pants, laid them against his stomach to measure, looked serene and delighted and said that here was proof science could do anything. He went into the closet and came out with his vest and what had once been a coat. Now it was not a coat any more. It was nothing but some lining and a few holes.

"Joe," he said in a faint and hollow voice, "what is this?"

Joe told him the truth at once, concealing nothing.

"It's a terrible blow to me, Joe."

"I know it is, but I couldn't tell just what to do, after we got started. The man kept asking for more samples. Before you left town, you told me the pants were pretty important in your life."

"I know," moaned Henry. "This is awful. And I have to leave town right away. I feel bad, Joe."

He went away with grief-stricken strides, called on Elfreda at the library, and promised faithfully he would return on the thirtieth. Then he hurried into his car and left town to resume the shirt business. It had been his intention to wear the new suit to the Charity Ball, but that was a vanished dream.

JOE later encountered Elfreda on Main Street and said: "I feel pretty awful about Henry. My intentions were good, at that."

"What was it?" she asked and Joe unfolded the details, while she looked surprised.

"Don't worry about it. Henry can get another suit."

But Joe Hawley did worry and fret. After a few days, his employer noticed something was wrong with the dependable mechanic. "You better take a day off," said the boss. "Go on out and sit in the sun a while, as you are acting jittery."

Mr. Hawley piled into his rickety car and drove for many miles, all by himself. Village after village flashed by in the sun and finally he wearied of riding, stopped at a restaurant and ate heartily. After lunch, he strolled about the town, a pleasant place called Lima, and soon he came to a department store, where he loitered to gaze in the window. Suddenly he saw something. It was a man's coat. It was Henry's coat, or at least one exactly like it, and Joe dashed inside, to be greeted by a clerk.

"That coat," he shouted. "Bring it out and let me try it on."

"What coat?"

"The one next to the white suit."

The smiling clerk produced the garment and when Joe tried it on it fitted as if a tailor had made it for him. "How much?" Joe asked, and when the clerk told him he paid without a word.

"It is probably the last of its kind," said the young man. "The company quit business."

"You don't have to tell me," Joe laughed and he returned to Castor City in triumph. Next day he took fifteen minutes off to inform Elfreda and she was delighted. "Now," said Joe cheerfully, "Henry has his whole suit again and I feel better. I sure acted dumb about those samples."

AS IT came toward the fateful thirtieth, Elfreda wondered and wondered why she had no word from Henry, out there on the road, skipping from town to town. He had definitely promised to return and yet there was no message from him, even on the twenty-ninth. Joe had no news of the absent fellow.

Henry had always intended to thrust business aside, hasten back to Castor City for the ball and escort Elfreda. But now the suit was gone—he thought—never to be replaced and his enthusiasm faded and vanished. If he returned, he would have to wear his blue or gray and there would be bad luck in that. He could even imagine the cold look in Elfreda's eyes. Knowing nothing of the whole and complete suit awaiting him, he resolved grimly to stay away. Joe was ready to surprise him when he arrived, but he did not arrive. He telegraphed to Elfreda: "Sorry. Cannot be there for Charity Ball. Rush of business. Manager here. Frightfully sorry. Henry."

That is the telegram she received at the library and, as lovely and mild a creature as she was, she looked stern for a moment. Her eyes flashed. Her lips came firmly together and after taking care of a young lady who wanted a book entitled "How to Hold Men," Elfreda went away to the telephone and called Joe Hawley.

"He won't be here," she announced indignantly. "He said he would be here and he won't. And I have the tickets and a new gown."

"That's bad," Joe sympathized. "Maybe he can't get here."

"But I must go."

"Sure," said Joe.

"So you'll have to take me."

"Me! I haven't anything to wear to a fancy blowout like that."

There ensued an ominous wait.

"You won't take me to the ball if I ask you to and have the tickets?"

A sudden and happy thought popped into his head.

"Of course I'll take you," he shouted.

Thus it happened that young Mr. Hawley stood dressing himself about seven in the evening, standing before the mutual mirror at Mrs. Durkin's and admiring himself. There was something to admire, for he was not putting on his own suit. He was donning the brown-green luck garments of Mr. Pigeon and the suit fitted him like the socket fits the ball.

And at the same instant, while Joe was dressing, a little scene was taking place on Elfreda's front porch. Henry Pigeon stood there, speaking to Elfreda. Overcome by worry, fearful for his love future, Henry had impulsively ditched the shirt business and rushed back to Castor City and Elfreda, and that is how they happened to be talking, Elfreda holding the door open inches only.

"I received your wire," she said icily.

"But, Elfreda," he protested. "Here I am. I reconsidered."

"You are too late," she said in the same North Pole tone. "Mr. Hawley is taking me."

"Joe Hawley!" he cried, but she only

shut the door gently and he bounded down the steps and into his car.

And thus it was that a few moments later, a vastly irritated Henry dashed into the Durkin lodgings and there stood Joseph, working on his necktie. Henry stopped just long enough to gasp and look at the lucky suit.

"Hello," said Joe.

"Take that suit off!" Henry replied.

"What was that?"

"I said take that suit off—now."

"I am just borrowing your suit," Joseph said slowly, "to escort Elfreda to the ball."

"Take it off!" Henry howled.

"No," said Joe. "I can't, now. No good one of my own."

"Then I'll take it off for you," Henry snarled. "You can't be wearing my clothes."

He stepped quickly forward, seized the coat somewhere about the collar and for the first time in his placid life Joe Hawley lost his temper. He felt a warm wave crawling up his neck. "Keep away, Henry," he warned. "Let go that coat."

"Take off my clothes!" Henry shouted, giving the garment a ferocious tug, and Joe thought he heard a ripping noise. Without further ado or delay, he smacked Henry with a stiff right-hand jolt to the puss and there was no need for any further hitting, as Henry folded gently into two parts, sank to the floor with his head under the bed. Joe looked thunderstruck and glanced at his fist. He then hastened away to Elfreda.

When he bounded up the steps and stood in her doorway, she stared at him as if she had never before seen him.

"You look marvelous," she said in low, queer tones. "Never since I've known you have you looked so wonderful. Do come in."

He walked inside and Elfreda's old lady had her say. "My, but doesn't Joe look nice tonight," she smiled. "I don't know when I've seen such a handsome lad."

"Yes," Elfreda agreed, "he looks fine."

"So do you," he laughed, feeling it should go the other way. "Never saw you so lovely."

They danced at the Charity Ball and people turned to regard them—one man in particular, who stared hard and later on spoke to Joe. It was Hiram Garber, one of the town's siege guns. He said: "Joe, when you get that gadget of yours finished, come in and see me, will you?"

JOSEPH thanked him and said he would. Then he and Elfreda sat out a dance and she continued to survey him, a new light in her gaze. She also held lightly to his arm, although Joe wasn't going anywhere.

"I can't make you out tonight," he said wonderingly. "Something new going on around here."

"You like me, don't you?"

"I should hope to fall over stone-dead if I don't."

"Then why don't you do something about it?"

"What? I can't kidnap you or throw you in the car and dash off to Yucca, where the justice lives, especially if you don't happen to like me."

"But I do," she said softly, tightening the grip on his arm. "What I mean is that I know now I never cared for anyone else."

"Well, blow my gaskets," Joe said, and he placed his arm around her shoulders there on the settee, people or no people.

Later on she said contentedly: "We ought to drive home and tell Mother."

"Sure," he agreed. "We ought to tell Henry, too."

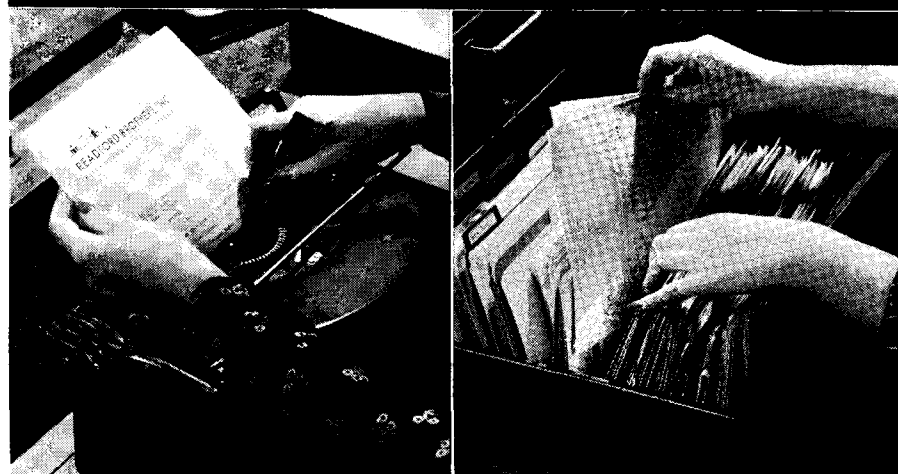
"Where is Henry?" she inquired.

"Last I saw of him, he was partly under the bed," Joseph explained, glancing again in fresh surprise at his right hand.

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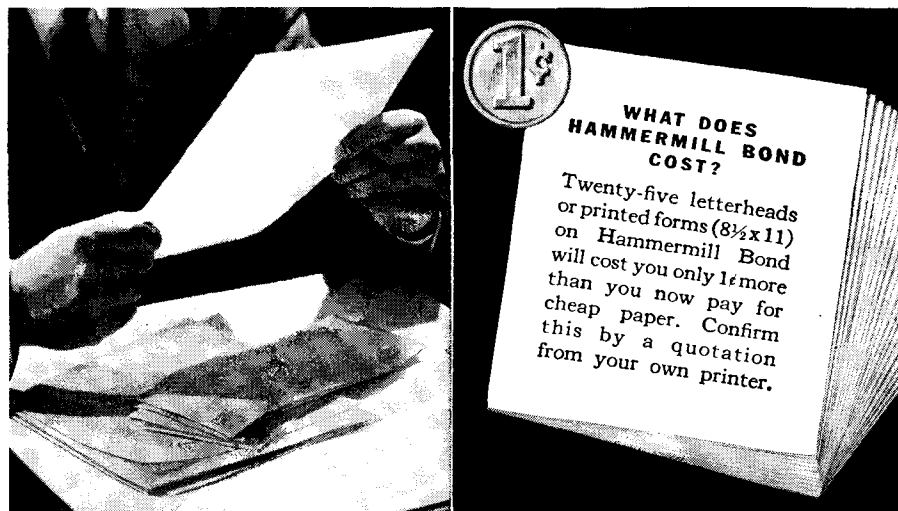


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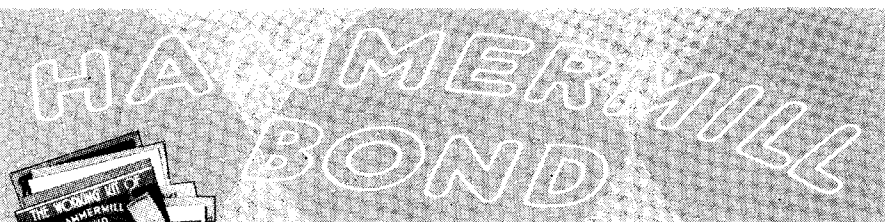
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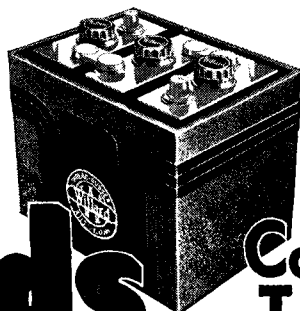
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Heartbroken Melody

Continued from page 21

bells. "We hang it in the sunshine after every crisis. But tonight's so *bitter* cold—I couldn't think of anything else to wear."

"The trousseau will have an evening coat in it, I suppose?"

"Mr. Cartwright, what earthly use would I have for an evening coat up there at Walburga?"

"Why, you'll be coming down for family weddings and opera and things, I should think. I wish you'd let me give you an opera coat. I know of a beauty at Liebes' here."

"You'd much better give me an egg beater and a pair of galoshes!"

"Perish the thought! I'll give you silver."

"Silver's always nice."

"I'll have my wife pick it out. 'For our Miss Brownell, at the office, she's getting married.' It'll have two cards in it. 'Mrs. Paul Cuyler Cartwright.' 'Mr. Paul Cuyler Cartwright.'"

"Wishing you every happiness in the new life."

"No, you don't say that sort of thing any more. You simply send the cards."

"Not messages any more? Why not?"

"Well, perhaps so that you can leave your cards with the jewelers and florists, and just have someone telephone in that you want things sent."

"Living made easy," the girl commented dryly. "I like messages."

"IF YOU'LL let me give you the evening coat, Honor, I'll write—no, I might write too much, and get Braintree steamed up over me!" Paul said. "Here we are. Good evening, Mitch. You got my message about opening Mr. Philip Cartwright's apartment?"

"Yessir, certny did sir," the colored porter in the hall of the big apartment house said.

They swept upward in the elevator; the apartment was on the eleventh floor; the beautiful rooms had a matchless view.

"It's beautiful enough at night," Paul said, standing beside her at the window, "but sometimes about twilight this bay is the most glorious sight I ever saw. Not as colorful as Naples, perhaps, but it takes your breath away just the same."

"It would be as colorful if we San Franciscans never had changed from the old adobe houses, and if we hung red and blue rags from all the balconies," Honor reminded him.

"You've seen Naples?"

"Naples! I've told you I've never been farther east than Yosemite."

"Honor!"

"It's true; you're slumming tonight," Honor said, not moving her eyes from the panorama below the windows.

"We've always—eaten," she said. "But I was thinking yesterday how strange it would be to be rich. Talking of Palm Beach and the other car, and if we go abroad next month! The way the Torreys talked, and the Nunnallys. Beautiful furs and jewels—jewels like Dolly Nunnally's."

"There's none of it I wouldn't like to give you," Paul said suddenly, under his breath. Honor made no answer; she went to sit in a formal tasseled Spanish chair by the fire, and stretched her feet toward the blaze.

"Isn't a fire glorious? This is your brother's place? It's gorgeous. He's not married, is he?"

"He was, but it didn't take. Like practically everyone else I know, he's divorced."

"What's the matter with marriage these days?" the girl asked musingly, her eyes on the fire.

"Oh, people change. Our lives change us. Women change—God, how they change!" the man said, not looking at her. He had dropped into a low chair opposite hers now, and was staring moodily over touching finger tips into space.

"I don't think I change. I love Tom and Adeline just as I always have," Honor reasoned.

"And the admirable Hugh, how about him?" Paul asked. Before she could answer, even with a surprised and reproachful glance, he was on his feet and had crossed the floor to the telephone.

"Room service?" he was immediately saying. "Send Oscar up, if he's there, will you, with a dinner card?"

"Where's Joe Ferguson?" Honor asked.

"Joe isn't coming, and you knew he wasn't coming. I called him off just before I left the office," Paul said calmly. Honor's eyes went swiftly to his; she straightened up, electrified, in her chair. Then she laughed, relaxing, and moved her eyes to the fire again.

"I didn't think of that!" she confessed.

"And if you had, would you have come?"

"I don't know," she said honestly. "I think I might. I had nothing else to do tonight, and I'm not afraid"—she glanced at him—"not afraid of having dinner with you," she finished.

Instantly the crisis was precipitated. Paul got up and came over to her chair, kneeling on one knee as he put a quick arm about her. Honor withdrew a little, twisting herself about to face him, one hand laid lightly on his shoulder.

"I love you, my dear," he said. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to do this tonight—it was honest enough when I first thought of it! But then the idea, the dream of having you here alone by myself, up above the city, with the cold night far down below, and a fire and supper—just for us two—"

"Honor," he went on, as she was silent, "I love you. I'm mad and sick and crazy about you. What am I going to do?"

After a long moment she spoke in a half whisper:

"We could have supper, I think, and talk. And then you could take me home. We could have that?"

ON THE last childish note of interrogation he laughed in joy and love of her, and rising to his feet put a quick light kiss on the crown of her head. The waiter was at the door. She was silent while Paul ordered dinner, and silent afterward as the men laid the little table, and set out the crystal candlesticks and the heavy silver knives and forks.

Over the meal they talked, very simply and naturally. But when it was over and the waiters had gone away, Paul said quite suddenly:

"I'm not quite sure what I hoped this—this chance with you would mean. Honor. I think I thought of it as ending our friendship, as shutting the door. But when I come to that point, actually talking it over with you, it seems silly and weak to say that we shan't see each other."

"After I'm married we won't see each other for some time," she said sedately.

"Yes, but I'm afraid you won't marry him," Paul said, pouring hot coffee into small cups. He brought one to her, and she lifted a suddenly troubled gaze from the fire and fixed her blue eyes on his.

"Why do you say that?" she asked in a startled whisper.

"Because—you feel as I do, my very dear. You know that."

He had set the cup down. Now he

half knelt and put his arm about her again and their eyes were close together.

"You know that, don't you?" he repeated. And suddenly all her fortress crumbled; the pretense was gone, and she was left standing with the great wind of this discovery blowing hard upon her. Honor drooped her cheek against his temple with a great sense of relief that had in it the beginnings of fear too, and of a wild joy.

"How could I help it?" she said. And then they were in each other's arms, their lips together, his hands tightly locked about her shoulders, her own hands crushed against his heart.

"Honor," he said, "you do love me?" "I don't know." She leaned back from him, drawing breath. "I don't know!" she whispered. "I'm horribly frightened. We have no right to this! I'm dizzy. I've been saying all along that it wasn't that—that it wasn't love, that it was only playing! And now suddenly it's the only thing in my life."

"It's the only thing in mine," he said. "But—but there's no pleasure to this, Paul. It's all fever and worry and—and feeling ashamed. I shouldn't be here; I know that. And yet, whatever I say now," Honor finished, on a childish note of bewilderment, "and whatever I resolve to do now, the minute I'm away from you it's all puzzle and wretchedness to see you again, or hear your voice!"

STILL on one knee, still holding her close, he laughed exultantly.

"And I'm that same way, my dear! It's taken us both unawares. I went east just to forget you, and remembered you every instant. And as soon as I got home, and you turned from your desk with that smile of yours and said 'Mr. Cartwright!' I knew that you'd been thinking of me in just the same way."

She spoke slowly, soft warm finger tips against his cheek.

"I didn't know it."

"What did you think it was, my darling?"

"Fun," she said hesitantly. "Exciting. That was all I thought it was."

"It's the greatest fun; it's the most exciting thing that has ever happened to either of us," he said.

"Do you feel that?" the girl said. "I feel as if it was the end of all the fun—the beginning of something dreadful—something that frightens me. I didn't want to love you this way. I've never wanted to love anyone this way!"

"You didn't want to live all your life and not really know what love is, Honor?"

"But I can't see that this is love," she persisted. "It's more like possession. It's like fever."

"I've been wretched—I've been upset all day," he said. "Now I'm in heaven. You're here, and I'm here, and for just a little while we can talk together! Why, you look so worried, dear," he broke off to say in an amused tone. "There's nothing to be ashamed of; there's nothing to be worried about, my darling! I don't want the beginning of our love for each other to be clouded by anything."

"The beginning of our love for each other!" she echoed, with a forlorn shadow of a laugh. "Paul, we can't love each other!"

"But we do, dear!"

Honor smiled reluctantly.

"I have no joy in this contract to-night—" she quoted, looking away.

"No, my dearest, I can see that! But only one thing matters, Honor, and that's that we've found each other. Whatever happens now, whatever we decide to do, we're out in the open. I've been worried about it, not knowing what was wrong, what could happen. Now something has got to happen. And at the end, you and I'll be going away together, you with your new coat and your new luggage. We'll go to Monte Carlo and Biarritz and Palm Beach—everywhere!"

"You know," Paul went on, as the purple-blue eyes watched him thoughtfully, and she did not speak, "this is like light in a graveyard to me! Things were going along serenely enough, Marion going her way and I going mine, and then—suddenly! Suddenly you, and my thoughts going back and back to you, there in the office, and your voice always in my ears, and life taking on a new color."

"What a love-maker you are," she

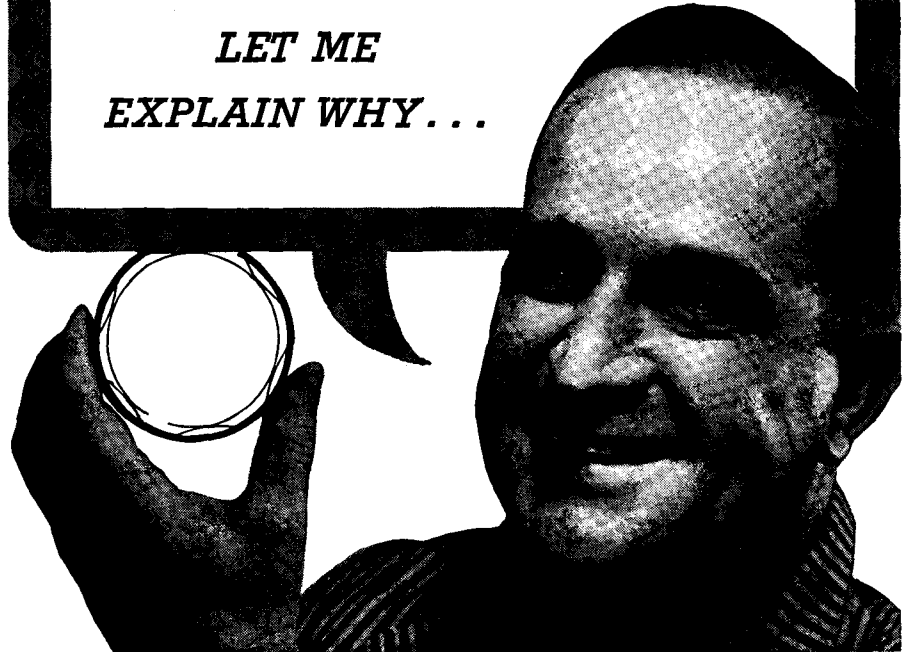


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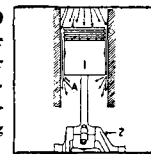
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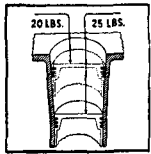


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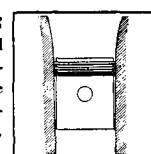
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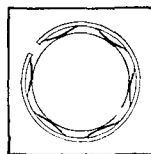
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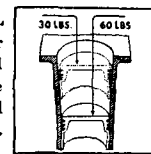
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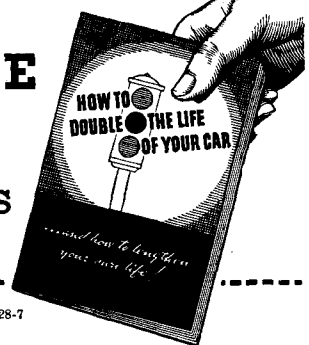
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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



said simply, laying her cheek for a moment against his own.

"And you love me? You've not said it."

"I say it every minute of my life. There's nobody else."

"Not Hugh?" he laughed joyously.

"Not anyone. And it feels so wrong," Honor murmured, "and I can't help it."

"It doesn't feel wrong to me." His arm held her tightly, their faces were together again and she felt his lips against her hair. "My darling, of all things that ever were in the world this is *right*!" he said.

She was still bewildered, troubled.

"I suppose it has been leading straight to this all the way along," she said slowly. "But I'm as much surprised as if I were another person. You still seem to belong to the office, and to your wife, and to Burlingame. And I still seem entirely apart."

"But in a very little time you won't feel that way. You'll feel only that you're to be my wife, and that we're to have the most wonderful life in the world together."

"But you have a wife—what about Mrs. Cartwright?"

"Mrs. Cartwright has been very busy with an affair of her own for several years," Paul said, with a sort of whimsical gravity. "She is a very strange woman. Realities mean nothing to Marion—love and home and children. They don't exist, for her. She lives entirely in a world of amusements. Anything that interrupts any of them she resents. Johnson—Dana Johnson meets her somewhere along the route every day and they condole with each other."

HE HAD spoken as if half humorously, but there was nothing humorous about the lines of his mouth.

"But the boys?" Honor asked. "Bruce and Stewart. She loves them?"

"She buys them toys, and every day the nurse reports on them, and sometimes they walk across the room for tea, and she thinks they look smart. She hardly knows them. Once a year she has them photographed and has big pictures set about here and there. No," Paul interrupted himself, as Honor made a little incredulous sound of shocked laughter, "I'm not exaggerating. That's the way a lot of her friends live, and that's the way she lives. My going out of her life won't cause a ripple."

"As a matter of fact," he continued, as Honor seemed to find nothing to say, "it was Marion herself who wanted a divorce a few years ago, when she was up to her ears in another affair—with a man named Tony La Scarpa, an Argentinian. But the boys were babies then and I didn't want to throw them down. Now it's Dana Johnson."

"They're how old now, the boys?"

"Seven and nine, I think it is. I forget their birthdays. Bruce's comes along in here somewhere; he'll be ten. They're in school; they're able to understand now."

"How would they feel, Paul?"

"Lord, I love to hear you say my name," he said, diverted.

"They'd resent it," she said half aloud.

"They won't care at all. At that age kids live for themselves alone."

"I think perhaps they do." She looked at him admiringly. "That was a smart thing to say, Paul."

"I could be smart, if anyone listened to me!" he told her.

"That clock is going to say nine. I have to go home."

To her relief, although she had not until that instant been conscious of any strain, he agreed instantly.

"Yes, I'll take you home. But there was something—first—"

They were both standing now, and with one hand lightly placed on her

shoulder to detain her, he groped with the fingers of his other hand in a vest pocket.

"I want you to have this," he said.

Whatever it was, it was wrapped in a tiny scrap of tissue paper; Honor watched curiously as he opened it, looked in a daze upon a great sapphire set in a ring, a bar of dazzling diamond on either side like a frame.

"What is it?"

"It's the Hahner sapphire. My father gave it to my mother years and years ago. No one else ever has worn it. I made a special trip to the safety deposit vault today to get it for you."

"Has it a name?" she said in an awed whisper.

"Well, it's a registered stone. Isn't it beautiful?"

"It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw. Paul, you're not giving this to me?"

"To whom else?" he asked, with his grave smile.

"But—but good heavens!" She had it on her slender hand now and was moving it slowly to and fro to catch the flash of lights from its clean-cut angles. "My dear," she said, awed.

"If you like it, Honor?" he asked, eager for her enthusiasm.

"If I like it!" She was wrapping its colored fires in the tissue paper again. "Shall I keep it, Paul?" she asked.

"Or throw it away. It's yours. It used to be in a pin, but my mother had it changed about six years ago, just before she died, in fact. The diamond was a big stone that had a flaw in the center so it made the two perfect bars. My grandmother was jewel crazy, and they picked up stones wherever they found them. This was bought in London, in the upstairs back room of a dismal old building in Dover Street, I believe, where an old Turk had an Arabian Nights treasure. My grandmother said he spilled out rubies and pearls like so much wheat."

"Why do they mean so much, why does it thrill me so?" she asked, youthfully. "It seems to say queer ports and big ships and orchestras playing in London restaurants, and myself being fitted to trailing gowns in Paris."

"It does say all those things, sweetheart. Every one of them!"

"It's so ridiculous that you're rich," she said, in a faintly complaining voice that made him laugh.

"It doesn't do any harm."

"It's all—so different from what I thought it would be." His arms were about her again, and she raised her eyes to his, and all the beauty and sweetness of her were his for one dizzying moment in a long kiss. "We must be very secret," she reminded him, laughing and breathless, when at last he freed her.

"Absolutely!" Paul held her coat, and she slipped her arms into it. "Until we know exactly what we can do," he said.

THEY went down in the elevator, and found his car in the dark street. For almost an hour they circled about, talking, talking, and when Honor reached home he still begged for five minutes' grace and came in to talk again, this time in the security of the familiar living room at home. And all the time that his pleasant quiet voice was in her ears, and all the time that she could feast her eyes on the sight of him, Honor felt herself floating in a world that she had never known before.

Even when he was gone the magic lasted. She undressed, got ready for bed, in a slow ecstatic dream. And instead of prayers tonight, when she was kneeling with her elbows dug deep into the mattress and her face buried in her hands, she could only feel, she could only breathe deeply, interrupting her own short bursts of utterly felicitous laughter with whispered ejaculations.

"Paul Cartwright—oh, it isn't true!"

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Oh, I'm so happy! His mother's diamond—but it isn't true! His wife. Oh, no; I never thought of that! Always with him—everywhere—London and Naples and Peking—I can't believe it. I'm dreaming. It isn't true!"

THEY stretched themselves on the warm dunes, and braced their backs against the scented stiff dry furze which clothed the little sand hills in patches and strips, and nibbled their sandwiches, and were completely happy and at peace. Below the shallow cliff the beach lay in wide golden curves, and upon the beach in lazy circles the surf rolled in and fanned itself out into shining foam-fringed shallows and sank into the bright glittering wet sands.

Honor was in a tweed suit with a white blouse; she had thrown aside her plain, round-brimmed hat, and the light shone on her gold-tipped hair. Her small sturdy shoes were braced against a tangle of long-dead seaweed which had been washed up to this height at some high tide, and had dried into a mat of pale yellow tubes and strings. Paul, lying near her, with a coffee cup precariously planted in the sand at his elbow and an open box of food at hand, was so placed that he could watch her while she watched the sea and drank in with every fiber of her being the glory of the March noontime.

"You are corrupting my morals," she said.

"What now?"

"I was thinking how I adored this suit."

"And I was thinking how I adore you in the suit. What did you tell the family?"

"An elaborate yet casual-seeming lie."

"And did Aunt Mag accept it?"

"She's never seen the suit and she probably never will. But I wore it down to Bob Chamberlain's place last Sunday—that's my uncle, you know. And when anyone admired it—and they all admired it—I said that poor Miss Reichart's father had died, which is true, and that she had offered it to me for twenty dollars, which is *not* true. And they all congratulated me, with subdued sympathy for poor Alice Reichart, of course."

"Sixty-five dollars, was it? Well, they'll be just that much smarter when it's a hundred and sixty-five."

"Never. I couldn't spend that much money for one dress!"

"Fritzi will design you a couple of dresses. I see you in a sort of trailing medieval effect, with gold on it somewhere, and a street thing with a lot of fox hither and yon."

"I didn't know that you were the sort of man who designs his wife's dresses!"

"I never have been. But I'm in a new world now, Honor, and it's a world of you. I see the sun shining on one of those mountain villas back of Nice, and an Italian woman coming to tell us breakfast is ready. And I can imagine our saying, 'Why not a few days in Paris and we shall fly from there to London—it's only two hours—'"

"Did you talk to Marion, Paul?"

"Yesterday. Yes, I did. It wasn't very satisfactory. For some reason, and I think I know what it is, she is taking the position that she doesn't want a divorce."

Honor's eyes moved alertly to his.

"And what do you think it is?"

"She wouldn't admit it," he said. "It just came to me as a sort of inspiration. I think she's afraid she'd have to marry Dana Johnson. I mean out of common—well, what?—decency, maybe. They've been having a tremendous affair; they've been seen everywhere together, and if Marion were to be freed tomorrow she'd simply have no out and she knows it."

"BUT, Paul, surely she'd not hold on to you to keep from having to marry the man she's in love with!"

"He's got nothing, my dear, and Marion needs quite a good deal of money. And it's just possible that the fine edge has worn off their affair. Anyway, there was something behind her determination to refuse a divorce today."

"Was it determination?" Honor asked.

"Well, no, it wasn't. She seemed very vague, and she kept trying to drag her mother in. 'You know it would break Mother's heart,' and so on. And she said, 'Remember that when I wanted a divorce five years ago, you were all for sticking together for the boys' sake.'"

"So that's a deadlock," Honor said, the bright day turned dark.

"Not at all. She won't stick to that. She'll begin to think of the advantages of being free, going where she pleases. This was just the first gun."

(To be continued next week)



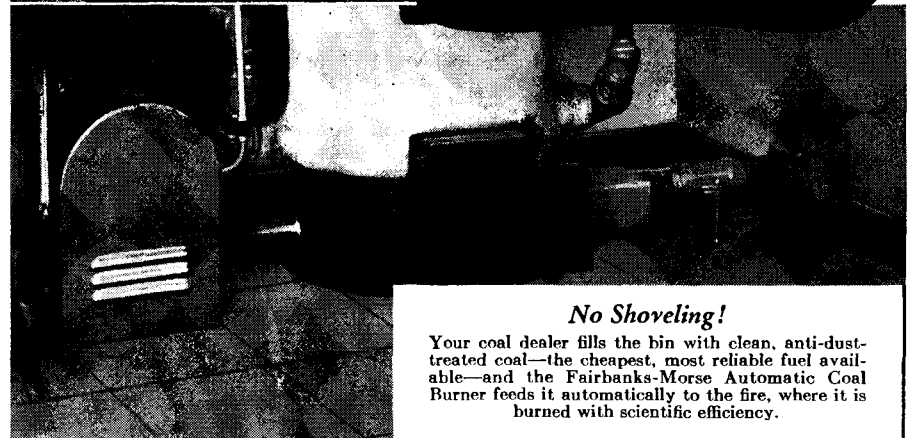
"Do you mind if I take this to the kitchen, where I can eat without all this nonsense?"

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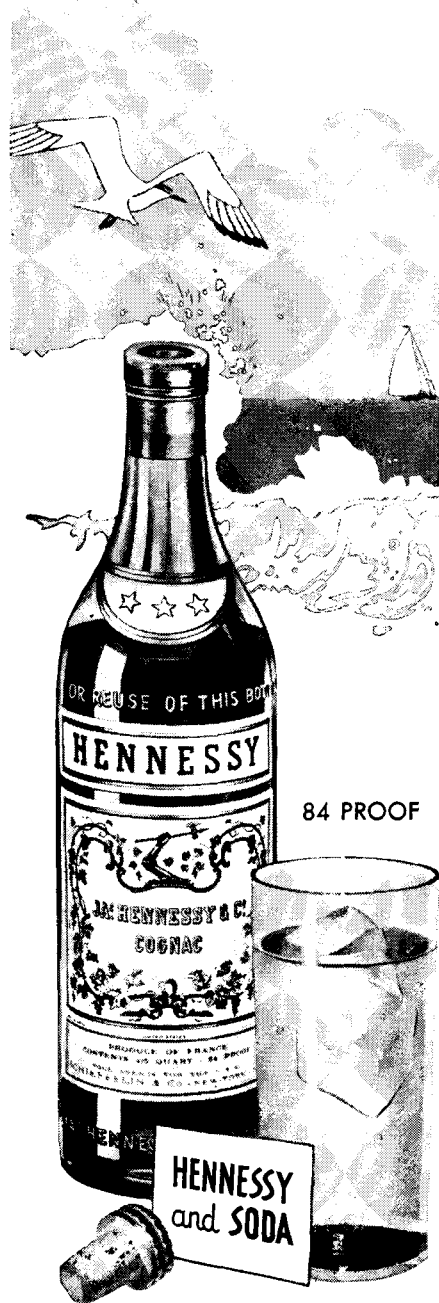
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done me any good, instead of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, as they say.

So there we were, with these lousy Cossacks grinning like the wolf in the fairy tale before they started to eat us—and worse—when in burst a Red Army boy and started shooting. That gave me a chance to jump for my gun in the corner and join the game. We shot them up all right, all five of them, and came out without a scratch. The tables were turned, as you might say; the surprise was on them this time, and it was all over in a minute. He was a friend in need, I tell you, and that was how I first met him, the best friend I ever had, my friend Alexei.

After we'd thrown what was left of the Cossacks out in the snow, I said to him: "Thank you, Comrade. You came just in time. How'd you hear about it?" He said a peasant told him.

"Where," I said, "did you learn to shoot like that?" He laughed. "Oh, that was point-blank stuff, not shooting. You shoot pretty good yourself, but the next time you have a party of this kind take my advice and put your gun under the pillow because you may need it quick. Always put it under the pillow so that you can get it when you need it."

THIS Alexei and me, we fought together on that front and later in the Crimea against Wrangel, and in '22 near Khiva in the Basmachee trouble. We were always good friends and became better and better friends. A girl can't be friends with you the way a man can; I mean you'd *kill* for the girl, but you'd *die* for a man. Alexei was the best friend I ever had.

"Oh," he said to me one day, "you're a lucky guy, Ed; yes, you are lucky, you know. You damned Anarchist, you've got Anarchist's luck, you have."

"Why's that?" I said. It was in the summer of '19 and the Whites were chasing us hotfoot at the time.

"I don't feel so lucky," I said. "Wait till we get out of this mess before you say I'm lucky."

"You don't know anything," said Alexei. "What I'm telling you is that you're lucky not to be in Moscow. They're shooting all the Anarchists in Moscow, and serves them right, the dirty dogs. They ought to shoot the whole lot of them, and serves them right."

It seems that there had been some trouble with the Anarchists in Moscow, and the Anarchists got sore. They made them a great big bomb, as big as a tar barrel, so big that one man couldn't lift it, and they had to have two of them to carry it on a pole, like a tar barrel. They took it to the garden of a house in the middle of Moscow where the Bolsheviks were holding a party meeting, not the biggest Bolsheviks but some pretty big ones. It was the middle of summer, and hot, and the meeting was on the first floor and the windows were open, wide open, to let in the mosquitoes, and maybe some cool air, or to let out the hot air the Bolsheviks were talking.

The two Anarchists took their bomb on its pole, hanging like a tar barrel, and climbed up the wall of the garden overlooking the window of the room where the Bolsheviks were talking. They never thought of looking out the window, just talked and talked. So the Anarchists swung the bomb and let it go, right in through the open window. And it burst. I tell you, that was a fine big burst those boys made to show the Bolsheviks what the Anarchists thought of them. It blew that Bolshevik meeting plumb to hell, you bet it did. And would you believe it, one of those bright Anarchists stood

Lucky in Love

Continued from page 24

on the wall to see what happened. He did indeed, but he never *knew*, unless he compared notes with the Bolsheviks afterward, down in hell, because it blew him farther than them and in smaller pieces. The other boy ducked behind a wall and only hurt his leg. He got away in the scuffle. Moscow wasn't healthy for Anarchists. Not after that it wasn't, you bet it wasn't. They shot five hundred that night and the next morning.

So Alexei said to me, "You're lucky that you ain't in Moscow right now because they're swatting the Anarchists."

I said, "Hell, don't be silly. You'd get me out of it, wouldn't you? You're a Bolshevik and I'm a friend of yours. You'd save me, wouldn't you?"

That made him serious, and he said, "Sure, I would; you know that, Ed. From anyone, against anything, always; you know that." And he meant it, I knew he meant it. Ain't a guy lucky to have a friend like that, a real friend, if you know what I mean, like Alexei was to me?

What's love anyway? Just sex driving you to keep on going and keep the race going. They say love's stronger than death, they say it, but what do they *know*? I say the danger of death when you share it with a friend is stronger than love and sex. There are always girls, and some are better than others and some are worse, but always girls. Not always the same girls, but always the same. I know that now, and I ought to have known it then, but I didn't, and that was the trouble. I mean that you never think of things until it's too late. Because girls don't like men to be real friends, not *their* men, they don't, not friends with another man. I don't know why, but they don't like it. Or maybe I'm just a damned fool anyway, and *that* is the trouble. I've thought and I've thought and I can't find the answer; I know why *she* did it, but what should I have done?

You see, in the winter of '25, they sent me down on a trip through the Pamir Mountains. It was a hell of a trip with bandits after us like fleas and as dangerous and cold as the night wind in the mountains, right up there on the Roof of the World, as they call it.

When I got back to Moscow I saw one of the Big Boys, and he said we'd done fine, and: "Thank you, Comrade; this means the Order of Lenin for you. You've done well," he said, "and you've earned it." And I got it and I'd earned it. You bet we'd earned it, all of us on *that* expedition.

But there was a little fat ape of a bureaucrat who asked for my expense account. Just think of it! "We want vouchers," he said. "We want to know every kopeck that you spent on your trip, and where and why, with receipts for same. Yes," he said, "this country's run on a business basis nowadays. Maybe you soldiers don't know that yet, but I'm telling you," he said. "We want to know just what you spent and where and why, with vouchers."

"Where do you think I came from," I told him, "the State Bank or the mountains of Asia? You can chase yourself and your vouchers from the State Bank here in Moscow straight down to the Afghan border and the mountains of Pamir."

I walked out on him with three thousand rubles in my pocket. I'd've given it to him if he'd asked for it right; it was all I had left. And did he think I was trying to steal it? Steal it from whom, I'd like to know, from the bandits or the mountains or the snow blizzard?

SO I walked out with the dough in my pocket, back to Alexei's apartment; of course I was staying with him. He had two rooms and a Georgian girl with red lips and hot eyes and hair so slick and black it looked blue in the light.

Alexei was out when I got back from talking with the bureaucrat, and I had dinner with this girl of his, Tamara. We had some drinks and then we sat on the sofa, and maybe I did put my arm around her. What's the harm in that? I was just kidding, and . . . you know how it is. Then she looked at me sideways, the way they do, some of them, and said, "Eddaboy." (She always called me that because Alexei used to say "Attaboy, Ed"—he'd caught that much American, but she got it muddled.) "Eddaboy," she said, looking sideways, "Alexei won't be home till midnight—"



"I hope everything was satisfactory, sir"

BARNEY TOBEY

I changed the subject quick and told her all about the bureaucrat and his vouchers and what I said to him and the money in my pocket all the time. To make it a better story I said I was in danger. "He looked a tough little bird," I said, "and I made him sore. They don't like thieves in the Red Army," I told her, "not when they catch them. They shoot thieves in the Red Army when they catch them." And that's not joking either.

She sat there all thrilled, with her eyes like hot coals.

I thought I was being mighty smart, and just then there was a knock at the door and a bunch of Alexei's friends came in, but everything was nice and proper, just me and Tamara talking together across the room. Then we had a party, a wildish party, but nice.

The last time I danced with Tamara I nearly slipped. Damn it, I'm human, ain't I? And she was a crazy one. I guess she thought she'd got me. She said, "Come on; they're all drunk, and who cares? Alexei won't be back for hours. Come on," she said, "they won't notice and who cares?"

But me and Alexei were friends, and she was his girl. So I told her, "Damn you, shut up. You can't get away with it," I said, "not with me you can't, not if you were the last girl on earth."

The Young Luckinvar Anarchist stopped suddenly, and took a quick drink of vodka. He gulped over it twice, and there were tears in his eyes. But it was strong vodka, as I knew to my cost. Then he went on in a different voice:

I don't know when Alexei came in, 'cause I went to sleep on the sofa, dead to the world. But the next morning, before nine it must have been, they waked me up all right, two guards, if you please, with bayonets, and a snappy young squirt of an officer dressed neat as a pin. They'd come to arrest me on account of that money I had. They told me to come along quick and make no fuss about it. Wouldn't even let me take a drink. I'd a hangover and a half, you understand, and my head ached like hell, but somehow I thought it would be fun to fool them, so I didn't say a word, just followed like a lamb. You see, I knew I had the money all the time, right there in my wallet; I'd never touched it.

There was a hack at the door and they drove me somewhere—my head was aching so I took no notice—and ran me upstairs to an office where a big tough guy in uniform was sitting at a desk. Looked more like an American police

captain, one of those hard-faced mugs, than a decent Russian.

"Now, then, you," he barked, "what the hell have you been doing, and what's all this about money? Do you think we've got time to waste on thieves?"

That made me sore, and I came right back at him. "I ain't stolen your money. But it turns me sick to have a little ape of a bureaucrat ask for vouchers, from the Pamirs, mind you! Or did he think I'd been making a trip to Leningrad? But I've got the money right here, what's left of it, three thousand rubles."

He looked kinda different at that, and said more friendly, "Well, if that's so, there's nothing to worry about. Just hand it over."

"Sure thing," I said, and put my hand in my pocket. Was that a shock? It nearly knocked me dead. There was no wallet in the pocket, nor in any other pocket. I gaped at him like a fish.

"Oh, yeah?" he said in a nasty voice. "I suppose you've lost it somewhere; that's what they mostly say."

I tried to explain, but he wouldn't listen. "Shut up. You can tell me that later. I'm busy now."

JUST at that moment in rushed Alexei, half-dressed, with his hair on end, and my wallet in his hand. He pulled up and saluted the captain. "This man's story is true," he said, without looking at me. "I know all about it. He stayed with me, and I heard the noise when they came to arrest him. The money is here all right, I found it where—where he had left it."

The big guy took the money and counted it. "Three thousand rubles, you said. That's right. Very well, you can go, but don't be such a fool again. Things happen to thieves in this country whether they wear uniforms or not."

Out in the passage I turned to hug Alexei. "My God," I cried, "you've done it again. Came right in the nick o' time. But—where on earth did you . . ."

He shook me off like poison ivy. "Don't touch me. You know damn well where I found it—under my own pillow—where you left it when you had your fun." He raised his fist to hit me, then turned and bolted.

Again the young Anarchist stopped and took a drink, but this time there was no doubt; there were tears in his eyes.

Shatoff chuckled. "The little devil—I suppose she slipped it from your pocket when you wouldn't go with her, and put it under your buddy's pillow. You can't beat the little darlings!"

Poor Luckinvar nodded without a word.

Appointment with Death

Continued from page 11

mothers when their sons are attracted to fascinating young ladies!"

Sarah shrugged an impatient shoulder. Frenchmen were all alike, she thought; obsessed by sex! Though, of course, as a conscientious psychologist she herself was bound to admit that there was always an underlying basis of sex to most phenomena. Sarah's thoughts ran along a familiar psychological track.

She came out of her meditations with a start. Raymond Boynton was crossing the room to the center table. He selected a magazine. As he passed her chair on his return journey she looked up at him and spoke:

"Have you been busy sight-seeing to-day?"

She selected her words at random, her real interest was to see how they would be received.

Raymond half stopped, flushed, shied

like a nervous horse and his eyes went apprehensively to the center of his family group. He muttered:

"Oh—oh, yes—why, yes, certainly. I—"

Then, as suddenly as though he had received the prick of a spur, he hurried back to his family, holding out the magazine.

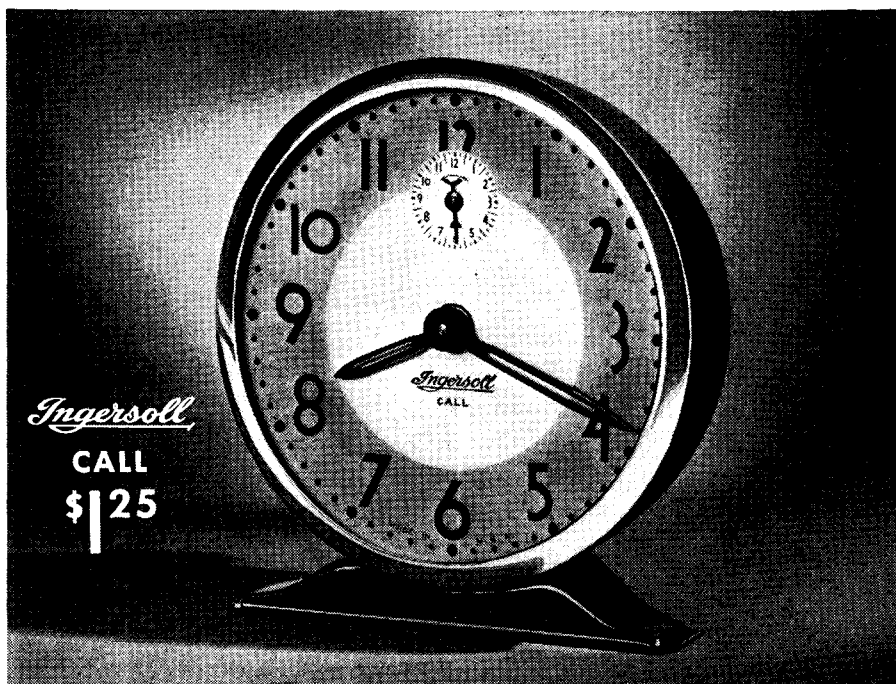
The grotesque Buddha-like figure held out a fat hand for it, but as she took it her eyes, Dr. Gerard noticed, were on the boy's face. She gave a grunt, certainly no audible thanks. The position of her head shifted very slightly. The doctor saw that she was now looking hard at Sarah. Her face was quite impassive; it had no expression in it. Impossible to tell what was passing in the woman's mind.

Sarah looked at her watch and uttered an exclamation.

"It's much later than I thought." She

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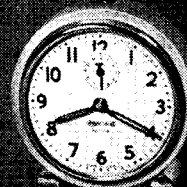
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got up. "Thank you so much, Dr. Gerard, for standing me coffee. I must write some letters now."

He rose and took her hand.

"We shall meet again, I hope," he said.

"Oh, yes! Perhaps you will come to Petra?"

"I shall certainly try to do so."

Sarah smiled at him and turned away. Her way out of the room led her past the Boynton family.

Dr. Gerard, watching, saw Mrs. Boynton's gaze shift to her son's face. He saw the boy's eyes meet hers. As Sarah passed, Raymond Boynton half turned his head—not toward her but away from her. . . . It was a slow, unwilling motion and conveyed the idea that old Mrs. Boynton had pulled an invisible string.

Sarah King noticed the avoidance, and was young enough and human enough to be annoyed by it. They had had such a friendly talk together in the swaying corridor of the train. They had compared notes on Egypt, had laughed at the ridiculous language of the donkey boys and street touts. Sarah had described how a camel man when he had started hopefully and impudently, "You English lady or American?" had received the answer: "No, Chinese," and her pleasure in seeing the man's complete bewilderment as he stared at her. The boy had been, she thought, like a nice, eager schoolboy—there had been, perhaps, something almost pathetic about his eagerness. And now, for no reason at all, he was shy, boorish—positively rude.

"I shan't take any more trouble with him," said Sarah indignantly.

For Sarah, without being unduly conceited, had a fairly good opinion of herself. She knew herself to be definitely attractive to the opposite sex, and she was not one to take a snubbing lying down!

She had been, perhaps, a shade overfriendly to this boy because, for some obscure reason, she had felt sorry for him. But now, it was apparent, he was merely a rude, stuck-up, boorish young American!

INSTEAD of writing the letters she had mentioned, Sarah King sat down in front of her dressing table, combed the hair back from her forehead, looked into a pair of troubled hazel eyes in the glass, and took stock of her situation in life.

She had just passed through a difficult emotional crisis. A month ago she had broken off her engagement to a young doctor some four years her senior. They had been very much attracted to each other, but had been too much alike in temperament. Disagreements and quarrels had been of common occurrence. Sarah was of too imperious a temperament herself to brook a calm assertion of autocracy. Like many high-spirited women, Sarah believed herself to admire strength. She had always told herself that she wanted to be mastered. When she met a man capable of mastering her she found that she did not like it at all! To break off her engagement had cost her a good deal of heartburning, but she was clear-sighted enough to realize that mere mutual attraction was not a sufficient basis on which to build a lifetime of happiness. She had treated herself deliberately to an interesting holiday abroad in order to help forgetfulness before she went back to start working in earnest.

Sarah's thoughts came back from the past to the present.

"I wonder," she thought, "if Dr. Gerard will let me talk to him about his work. He's done such marvelous work. If only he'll take me seriously. . . . Perhaps—if he comes to Petra—"

Then she thought again of the strange boorish young American.

She had no doubt that it was the presence of his family which had caused him to react in such a peculiar manner, but

she felt slightly scornful of him, nevertheless. To be under the thumb of one's family like that—it was really rather ridiculous—especially for a man!

And yet . . .

A queer feeling passed over her. Surely there was something a little odd about it all.

She said suddenly out loud:

"That boy wants rescuing! I'm going to see to it!"

WHEN Sarah had left the lounge, Dr. Gerard sat where he was for some minutes. Then he strolled to the table, picked up the latest number of *Le Matin* and strolled with it to a chair a few yards away from the Boynton family. His curiosity was aroused.

He had at first been amused by the English girl's interest in this American family, shrewdly diagnosing that it was inspired by interest in one particular member of the family. But now something out of the ordinary about this family party awakened in him the deeper, more impartial interest of the scientist. He sensed that there was something here of definite psychological interest.

Very discreetly, under the cover of his paper, he took stock of them. First the boy in whom that attractive English girl took such a decided interest. Yes, thought Gerard, definitely the type to appeal to her temperamentally. Sarah King had strength—she possessed well-balanced nerves, cool wits and a resolute will. Dr. Gerard judged the young man to be sensitive, perceptive, diffident and intensely suggestible. He noted with a physician's eye the obvious fact that the boy was at the moment in a state of high nervous tension. Dr. Gerard wondered why. He was puzzled. Why should a young man whose physical health was obviously good, who was abroad ostensibly enjoying himself, be in such a condition that nervous breakdown was imminent?

The doctor turned his attention to the other members of the party. The girl with the chestnut hair was obviously Raymond's sister. They were of the same racial type, small-boned, well-shaped, aristocratic-looking. They had the same slender well-formed hands, the same clean line of jaw, and the same poise of the head on a long, slender neck. And the girl, too, was nervous. . . . She made slight involuntary nervous movements; her eyes were deeply shadowed underneath and overbright. Her voice, when she spoke, was too quick and a shade breathless. She was watchful—alert—unable to relax.

"And she is afraid, too," decided Dr. Gerard. "Yes, she is afraid!"

He overheard scraps of conversation—a very ordinary normal conversation.

"We might go to Solomon's Stables."

"Would that be too much for Mother?" "The Weeping Wall in the morning?" "The Temple, of course—the Mosque of Omar they call it—I wonder why?" "Because it's been made into a Moslem mosque, of course, Lennox."

Ordinary commonplace tourists' talk. And yet, somehow, Dr. Gerard felt a queer conviction that these overheard scraps of dialogue were all singularly unreal. They were a mask—a cover for something that surged and eddied underneath, something too deep and formless for words.

Again he shot a covert glance from behind the shelter of *Le Matin*.

Lennox? That was the elder brother. The same family likeness could be traced, but there was a difference. Lennox was not so highly strung; he was, Gerard decided, of a less nervous temperament. But about him, too, there seemed something odd. There was no sign of muscular tension about him as there was about the other two. He sat relaxed, limp. Puzzling, searching among memories of patients he had seen sitting like that in hospital wards, Gerard thought:

"He is exhausted—yes, exhausted with suffering. That look in the eyes—the look you see in a wounded dog or a sick horse—dumb bestial endurance. . . . It is odd, that. . . . Physically there seems nothing wrong with him. . . . Yet there is no doubt that lately he has been through much suffering—mental suffering; now he no longer suffers; he endures dumbly, waiting, I think, for the blow to fall. . . . What blow? Am I fancying all this? No, the man is waiting for something, for the end to come. So cancer patients lie and wait, thankful that an anodyne dulls the pain a little. . . ."

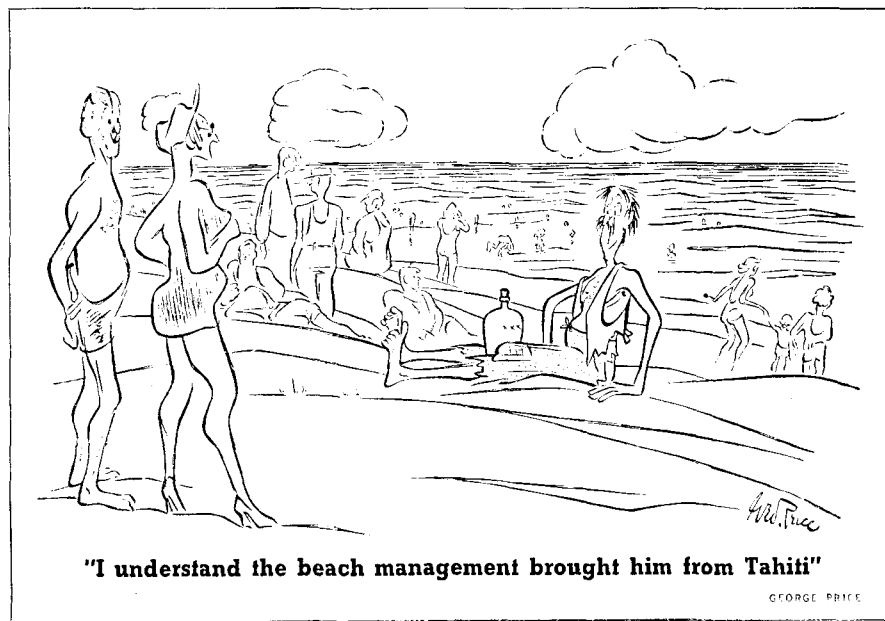
LENNOX BOYNTON got up and retrieved a ball of wool that the old lady had dropped.

"Here you are, Mother."

"Thank you."

What was she knitting, this monumental, impassive old woman? Something thick and coarse. Gerard thought: "Mittens for inhabitants of a workhouse!" and smiled at his own fantasy.

He turned his attention to the youngest member of the party—the girl with the golden-red hair. She was, perhaps, seventeen. Her skin had the exquisite clearness that often goes with red hair. Although overthin, it was a beautiful face. She was sitting smiling to herself, smiling into space. There was something a little curious about that smile. It was so far removed from the Solomon Hotel, from Jerusalem. . . . It reminded Dr. Gerard of something. . . . Presently it came to him in a flash. It was the strange unearthly smile that lifts the lips of the Maidens in the Acropolis at Athens—something remote and



"I understand the beach management brought him from Tahiti"

GEORGE PRICE

lovely and a little inhuman. . . . The magic of the smile, her exquisite stillness, gave him a little pang.

And then, with a shock, Dr. Gerard noticed her hands. They were concealed from the group round her by the table, but he could see them clearly from where he sat. In the shelter of her lap they were picking—picking—tearing a delicate handkerchief into tiny shreds.

It gave him a horrible shock.

The aloof remote smile—the still body—and the busy destructive hands—

There was a slow asthmatic wheezing cough—then the monumental knitting woman spoke:

"Ginevra, you're tired; you'd better go to bed."

The girl started; her fingers stopped their mechanical action.

"I'm not tired, Mother."

Gerard recognized appreciatively the musical quality of her voice. It had the sweet singing quality that lends enchantment to the most commonplace utterances.

"Yes, you are. I always know. I don't think you'll be able to do any sight-seeing tomorrow."

"Oh! but I shall. I'm quite all right."

In a thick, hoarse voice, almost a grating voice, her mother said:

"No, you're not. You're going to be ill."

"I'm not! I'm not!"

The girl began trembling violently.

A soft calm voice said:

"I'll come up with you, Jinny."

The quiet young woman with wide, thoughtful gray eyes and neatly coiled dark hair rose to her feet.

Old Mrs. Boynton said:

"No. Let her go up alone."

The girl cried:

"I want Nadine to come!"

"Then of course I will." The young woman moved a step forward.

The old woman said:

"The child prefers to go by herself, don't you, Jinny?"

There was a pause—a pause of a moment, then Ginevra Boynton said, her voice suddenly flat and dull:

"Yes, I'd rather go alone. Thank you, Nadine."

She moved away, a tall, angular figure that moved with a surprising grace.

DR. GERARD lowered his paper and took a full satisfying gaze at old Mrs. Boynton. She was looking after her daughter and her fat face was creased into a peculiar smile. It was, very faintly, a caricature of the lovely unearthly smile that had transformed the girl's face so short a time before.

Then the old woman transferred her gaze to Nadine. The latter had just sat down again. She raised her eyes and met her mother-in-law's glance. Her face was quite imperturbable. The old woman's glance was malicious.

Dr. Gerard thought:

"What an absurdity of an old tyrant!"

And then, suddenly, the old woman's eyes were full on him, and he drew in his breath sharply. Small black smoldering eyes they were, but something came from them, a power, a definite force, a wave of evil malignancy. Dr. Gerard knew something about the power of personality. He realized that here was no spoiled tyrannical invalid indulging petty whims. This old woman was a definite force. In the malignancy of her glare he felt a resemblance to the effect produced by a cobra.

Mrs. Boynton might be old, infirm, a prey to disease, but she was not powerless. She was a woman who knew the meaning of power, who had exercised a lifetime of power and who had never once doubted her own force. Dr. Gerard had once met a woman who performed a most dangerous and spectacular act with tigers. The great slinking brutes

had crawled to their places and performed their degrading and humiliating tricks. Their eyes and subdued snarls told of hatred, bitter, fanatical hatred, but they had obeyed, cringed. That had been a young woman, a woman with an arrogant dark beauty, but the look had been the same.

"An animal trainer!" said Dr. Gerard to himself.

And he understood now what that undercurrent to the harmless family talk had been. It was hatred, a dark eddy stream of hatred.

He thought:

"How fanciful and absurd most people would think me! Here is a commonplace devoted American family reveling in Palestine, and I weave a story of black magic round it!"

Then he looked with interest at the quiet young woman who was called Nadine. There was a wedding ring on her left hand, and as he watched her he saw her give one swift betraying glance at the fair-haired, loose-limbed Lennox. He knew, then. . . .

THEY were man and wife, those two. But it was a mother's glance rather than a wife's—a true mother's glance—protecting, anxious. And he knew something more. He knew that, alone out of that group, Nadine Boynton was unaffected by her mother-in-law's spell. She may have disliked the old woman, but she was not afraid of her. The power did not touch her.

She was unhappy, deeply concerned about her husband, but she was free.

Dr. Gerard said to himself:

"All this is very interesting."

Into these dark imaginings a breath of the commonplace came with almost ludicrous effect.

A man came into the lounge, caught sight of the Boyntons and came across to them.

He was a pleasant middle-aged American of a strictly conventional type. He was carefully dressed, with a long clean-shaven face and he had a slow, pleasant, somewhat monotonous voice.

"I was looking around for you all," he said.

Meticulously he shook hands with the entire family.

"And how do you find yourself, Mrs. Boynton? Not too tired by the journey?"

Almost graciously, the old lady wheezed out:

"No, thank you. My health's never good, as you know."

"Why, of course, too bad—too bad."

"But I'm certainly no worse."

Mrs. Boynton added, with a slow reptilian smile:

"Nadine, here, takes good care of me, don't you, Nadine?"

"I do my best." Her voice was expressionless.

"Why, I bet you do," said the stranger heartily. "Well, Lennox, and what do you think of King David's city?"

"Oh, I don't know."

Lennox spoke apathetically; without interest.

"Find it kind of disappointing, do you? I'll confess it struck me that way at first. But perhaps you haven't been around much yet?"

Carol Boynton said:

"We can't do very much because of Mother."

Mrs. Boynton explained:

"A couple of hours' sight-seeing is about all I can manage every day."

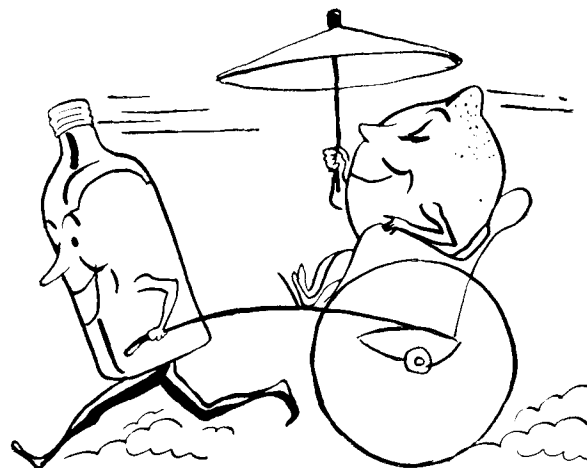
The stranger said heartily:

"I think it's wonderful you manage to do all you do, Mrs. Boynton."

Mrs. Boynton gave a slow, wheezy chuckle; it had an almost gloating sound.

"I don't give in to my body! It's the mind that matters! Yes, it's the mind. . . ."

Her voice died away. Gerard saw



Does it mix?

It is a **mixing** gin, we think, when you neither **smell** nor **taste** it in the finished drink

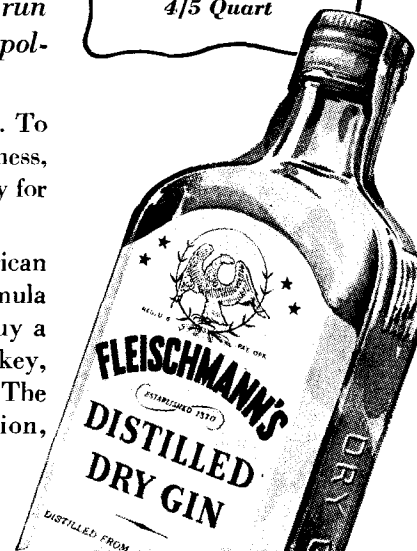
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Raymond Boynton give a nervous jerk. "Have you been to the Weeping Wall yet, Mr. Cope?" he asked.

"Why, yes, that was one of the first places I visited. I hope to have done Jerusalem thoroughly in a couple more days and I'm letting them get me out an itinerary at Cook's so as to do the Holy Land thoroughly—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Tiberias, the Sea of Galilee. It's all going to be mighty interesting. Then there's Jerash. There are some very interesting ruins there—Roman, you know. And I'd very much like to have a look at the Rose Red City of Petra, a most remarkable natural phenomenon."

Mr. Cope paused, shot a somewhat dubious glance at Mrs. Boynton, and then went on in a voice that to the listening Frenchman was palpably uncertain:

"I wonder now if I couldn't persuade some of you people to come with me? Naturally I know you couldn't manage it, Mrs. Boynton, and naturally some of your family would want to remain with you, but if you were to divide forces, so to speak—"

He paused. Gerard heard the even click of Mrs. Boynton's knitting needles. Then she said:

"I don't think we'd care to divide up. We're a very homey group." She looked up. "Well, children, what do you say?"

There was a queer ring in her voice. The answers came promptly: "No, Mother." "Oh, no." "No, of course not."

Mrs. Boynton said, smiling that very odd smile of hers:

"You see, they won't leave me. What about you, Nadine? You didn't say anything."

"No, thank you, Mother, not unless Lennox cares about it."

Mrs. Boynton turned her head slowly toward her son.

"Well, Lennox, what about it, why don't you and Nadine go? She seems to want to."

He started and looked up. "I—well—no, I—I think we'd better all stay together."

Mr. Cope said genially: "Well, you are a devoted family!" But something in his geniality rang a little hollow and forced.

"We keep to ourselves," said Mrs. Boynton. She began to wind up her ball of wool. "By the way, Raymond, who was that young woman who spoke to you just now?"

Raymond started nervously. He flushed, then went white.

"I—I don't know her name. She—she was on the train the other night."

Mrs. Boynton began slowly to try and heave herself out of her chair.

"I don't think we'll have much to do with her," she said.

NADINE rose and assisted the old woman to struggle out of her chair. She did it with a professional deftness that attracted Gerard's attention.

"Bedtime," said Mrs. Boynton. "Good night, Mr. Cope."

"Good night, Mrs. Boynton. Good night."

They went off—a little procession. It did not seem to occur to any of the younger members of the party to stay behind.

Mr. Cope was left looking after them. The expression on his face was an odd one.

As Dr. Gerard knew by experience, Americans are disposed to be a friendly race. They have not the uneasy suspicion of the traveling Briton. To a man of Dr. Gerard's tact, making the acquaintance of Mr. Cope presented few difficulties. The American was lonely and was, like most of his race, disposed to friendliness. Dr. Gerard's cardcase was again to the fore.

Reading the name on it, Mr. Jefferson Cope was duly impressed.

"Why, surely, Dr. Gerard, you were over in the States not very long ago?"

"Last autumn. I was lecturing at Harvard."

"Of course. Yours, Dr. Gerard, is one of the most distinguished names in your profession. You're pretty well at the head of your subject in Paris."

"My dear sir, you are far too kind! I protest."

"No, no, this is a great privilege—meeting you like this. As a matter of fact, there are several very distinguished people here in Jerusalem just at present. There's yourself and there's Lord Welldon, and Sir Gabriel Steinbaum, the financier. Then there's the veteran English archaeologist, Sir Manders Stone. And there's Lady Westholme, who's very prominent in English politics. And there's that famous Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot."

"Little Hercule Poirot? Is he here?"

"I read his name in the local paper as having lately arrived. Seems to me all the world and his wife are at the Solomon Hotel. A mighty fine hotel it is, too. And very tastefully decorated."

After a couple of highballs in the bar, Gerard said:

"Tell me, is that a typical American family to whom you were talking?"

Jefferson Cope sipped his drink thoughtfully. Then he said:

"Why, no, I wouldn't say it was exactly typical."

"No? A very devoted family, though?"

Mr. Cope said slowly:

"You mean they all seem to revolve round the old lady? That's true enough. She's a very remarkable old lady, you know."

"Indeed?"

Mr. Cope needed very little encouragement. The gentle invitation was enough.

"I don't mind telling you, Dr. Gerard, I've been having that family a good deal on my mind lately. I've been thinking

about them a lot. If I may say so, it would ease my mind to talk to you about the matter. If it won't bore you, that is?"

Dr. Gerard disclaimed boredom. Mr. Jefferson Cope went on slowly, his pleasant, clean-shaven face creased with perplexity.

"I'll tell you straight away that I'm just a little worried. Mrs. Boynton, you see, is an old friend of mine. That is to say, not the old Mrs. Boynton, the young one. Mrs. Lennox Boynton."

"Ah, yes, that very charming dark-haired young lady."

"That's right. That's Nadine. Nadine Boynton, Dr. Gerard, is a very lovely character. I knew her before she was married. She was in hospital then, working to be a trained nurse. Then she went for a vacation to stay with the Boyntons and she married Lennox."

"Yes?"

MR. JEFFERSON COPE took another sip of his highball and continued:

"I'd like to tell you, Dr. Gerard, just a little of the Boynton family history."

"Yes? I should be most interested."

"Well, you see, the late Elmer Boynton—he was quite a well-known man and a very charming personality—was twice married. His first wife died when Carol and Raymond were tiny toddlers. The second Mrs. Boynton, so I've been told, was a handsome woman when he married her, though not very young. Seems odd to think she can ever have been handsome to look at her now but that's what I've been told on very good authority. Anyway, her husband thought a lot of her and adopted her judgment on almost every point. He was an invalid for some years before he died, and she practically ruled the roost. She's a very capable woman with a fine head for business. A very conscientious woman, too. After Elmer died, she devoted her-



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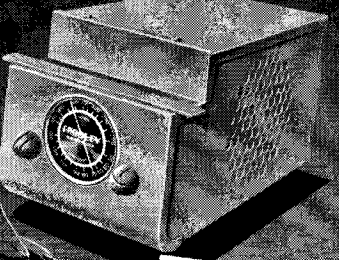
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self absolutely to these children. There's one of her own, too. Ginevra—pretty red-haired girl but a bit delicate. Well, as I was telling you, Mrs. Boynton devoted herself entirely to her family. She just shut out the outside world entirely. Now I don't know what you think, Dr. Gerard, but I don't think that's always a very sound thing."

"I agree with you. It is most harmful to developing mentalities."

"Yes, I should say that just about expresses it. Mrs. Boynton shielded these children from the outside world and never let them make any outside contacts. The result of that is that they've grown up—well, kind of nervous. They're jumpy, if you know what I mean. Can't make friends with strangers. It's bad, that."

"It is very bad."

"I've no doubt Mrs. Boynton meant well. It was just overdevotion on her part."

"They all live at home?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

"Does neither of the sons work?"

"Why, no. Elmer Boynton was a rich man. He left all his money to Mrs. Boynton for her lifetime—but it was understood that it was for the family upkeep generally."

"So they are dependent on her financially?"

"That is so. And she's encouraged them to live at home and not go out and look for jobs. Well, maybe that's all right; there's plenty of money; they don't need to take a job, but I think, for the male sex anyway, work's a good tonic. Then there's another thing—they've none of them got any hobbies. They don't play golf. They don't belong to any country club. They don't go around to dances or do anything with the other young people. They live in a great barrack of a house way down in the country, miles from anywhere. I tell you, Dr. Gerard, it seems all wrong to me."

"I agree with you," said Dr. Gerard. "Not one of them has got the least social sense. The community spirit—that's what's lacking! They may be a very devoted family but they're all bound up in themselves."

"There has never been any question of one or another of them branching out for himself or herself?"

"Not that I've heard of. They just sit around."

"Do you put the blame for that on them or on Mrs. Boynton?"

Jefferson Cope shifted uneasily.

"Well, in a sense, I feel she is more or less responsible. It's bad bringing up on her part. All the same, when a young fellow comes to maturity it's up to him to kick over the traces of his own accord. No boy ought to keep on being tied to his mother's apron strings. He ought to choose to be independent."

DR. GERARD said thoughtfully:

"That might be impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"There are methods, Mr. Cope, of preventing a tree from growing."

Cope stared.

"They're a fine healthy lot, Doctor."

"The mind can be stunted and warped as well as the body."

"They're bright mentally too."

Gerard sighed.

Jefferson Cope went on:

"No, Dr. Gerard, take it from me, a man has got the control of his own destiny right there in his own hands. A man who respects himself strikes out on his own and makes something of his life. He doesn't just sit round and twiddle his thumbs. No woman ought to respect a man who does that."

Gerard looked at him curiously for a minute or two. Then he said:

"You refer particularly, I think, to Mr. Lennox Boynton?"

"Why, yes, it was Lennox I was thinking of. Raymond's only a boy still. But Lennox is just on thirty. Time he showed he was made of something."

"It is a difficult life, perhaps, for his wife?"

"Of course it's a difficult life for her! Nadine is a very fine girl. I admire her more than I can say. She's never let drop one word of complaint. But she's not happy, Dr. Gerard. She's just as unhappy as she can be."

Gerard nodded his head.

"Yes, I think that well might be."

"I don't know what you think about it, Dr. Gerard, but I think that there's a limit to what a woman ought to put up with! If I were Nadine I'd put it to young Lennox straight. Either he sets to and proves what he's made of, or else—"

"Or else, you think, she should leave him?"

"She's got her own life to live, Dr. Gerard. If Lennox doesn't appreciate her as she ought to be appreciated, well, there are other men who will."

"There is—yourself, for instance?"

THE American flushed. Then he looked straight at the other with a certain simple dignity.

"That's so," he said. "I'm not ashamed of my feeling for that lady. I respect her and I am very, very deeply attached to her. All I want is her happiness. If she were happy with Lennox, I'd sit right back and fade out of the picture."

"But as it is?"

"But as it is I'm standing by! If she wants me, I'm here!"

"What exactly do you hope to be able to do for her, Mr. Cope?"

"My idea is to be right here at hand if she needs me."

"And what, may I ask, is the older Mrs. Boynton's attitude toward you?"

Jefferson Cope said slowly:

"I'm never quite sure about that old lady. As I've told you, she isn't fond of making outside contacts. But she's been different with me; she's always very gracious and treats me quite like one of the family."

"In fact she approves of your friendship with Mrs. Lennox?"

"She does."

Dr. Gerard shrugged his shoulders.

"That is, perhaps, a little odd?" he suggested.

Jefferson Cope said stiffly:

"Let me assure, you, Dr. Gerard, there is nothing dishonorable in that friendship. It is purely platonic."

"My dear sir, I am quite sure of that. I repeat, though, that for Mrs. Boynton to encourage that friendship is a curious action on her part. You know, Mr. Cope, Mrs. Boynton interests me—she interests me greatly."

"She is certainly a remarkable woman. She has great force of character—a most prominent personality. As I say, Elmer Boynton had the greatest faith in her judgment."

"So much so that he was content to leave his children completely at her mercy from the financial point of view. In my country, Mr. Cope, it is impossible by law to do such a thing."

Mr. Cope rose.

"In America," he said "we're great believers in absolute freedom."

Dr. Gerard rose also. He was unimpressed by the remark. He had heard it made before by people of many different nationalities. The illusion that freedom is the prerogative of one's own particular race is fairly widespread.

Dr. Gerard was wiser. He knew that no race, no country and no individual could be described as free. But he also knew that there were different degrees of bondage.

He went up to bed thoughtful and interested.

(To be continued next week)

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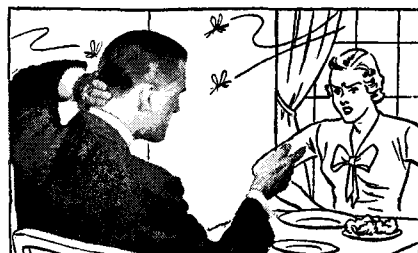


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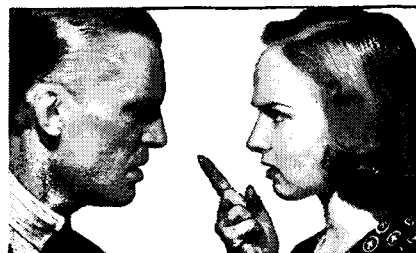
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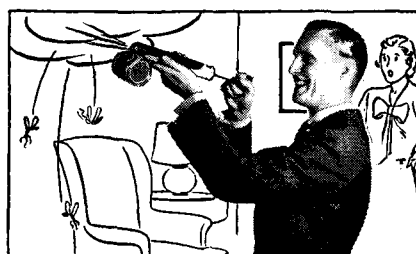
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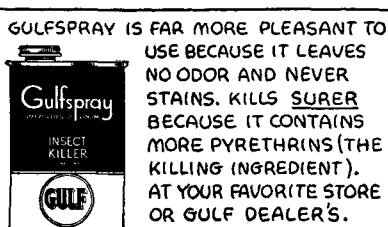
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On Fifth Avenue

I WAS walking along, window shopping of course. I stopped to look into the window of one of the smartest shops on the avenue. Suddenly I heard two women talking. One said, "Isn't that hat just perfect — and wouldn't it dress up my suit?"

Her friend answered, jokingly, "Why don't you buy it?" She knew it was very expensive.

"What — on John's salary! I'll be lucky if I get a \$3.98 hat this fall the way food prices are rising." She sighed again and turned away.

What a pity, I thought! She could have that expensive hat if she were a member of the Pin Money Club, for Mrs. Beeson, Mrs. Maude Graham, Sara Thomason and ever so many more girls and women are helping themselves to the things they want.

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Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Department 29,
 Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.

Nature of the Beast

Continued from page 16

after playing with an animal or handling it in any way, because your fingers may carry all sorts of infection. Cats definitely do not suck the breath of babies, but they may be responsible for dysentery. Dog's mange, a type of ringworm not easily transmissible to humans, has sometimes attacked man.

Since the days of Hippocrates it has been known that from merely stroking a dog, man might become infected with hydatid disease which causes cysts in his liver or some other organ. For some reason unknown, the small worm to which the disease is due prefers the dogs of Iceland and Australia to those of Europe.

The Bite of a Mad Dog

Nearly all dogs have a hookworm of their own, which is rarely conveyed to us. However, in Florida, the peculiar wavy reddish streaks on the skin called serpentine rash is common among those who recline in bathing suits on the sand. Without knowing it, they have come in contact with the excreta of dogs suffering from hookworm. Fortunately, in this type of hookworm the larvae die somewhere en route and never reach the intestines. Warning signs are being more and more commonly posted to keep dogs off the beaches.

Never eat from dishes reserved for your dog or cat and never allow them to lick your hands or face. Why? Because at the base of the teeth of all animals are multitudes of germs, usually of a septic nature. That is also why the bite of almost any animal is dangerous; his teeth make a penetrating wound and carry the organisms deep into the tissue.

You will usually find that kindness to animals brings its own reward. Cats will keep their claws sheathed unless they are mauled; dogs may show their teeth but seldom use them without good cause. Accidents do occur, however. In such cases enlarge the wound and disinfect it according to established first-aid procedure. If none of the accepted preparations are at hand, soap and water, followed by alcohol, will probably prove equally efficacious.

The only exception is the bite of a mad dog. All mammals are susceptible to rabies. Cats, any member of the dog or deer families, even birds, may contract it. A jackal of the Indian jungle may have hydrophobia, bite one of the pariah dogs which swarm everywhere in tropical villages, and soon children fall victims. In such countries as India or Palestine there are thousands of cases. As far as man is concerned dogs are the reservoir of the disease.

Superstitions have always surrounded hydrophobia. Actually this name is a complete misnomer. Mad dogs crave water and drink it until the constriction of their throats makes swallowing impossible. The so-called dog days are a myth. I remember how, as a child in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, we used to fear the foam on Stony Creek which, during the hot summer months, flecked our swimming hole with white. Although we went bathing just the same, we always expected something terrible to happen.

The very word "mad dog" has always roused the utmost terror and even loathing, although the poor animal is not to blame for his illness. Nothing can be done for him except a quick death. Only four per cent of human beings bitten by dogs contract rabies; nevertheless, even before the dog has been proved mad, it is wise to start at once the Pasteur

treatment, painful and long drawn out as it is, because the disease is a hundred per cent fatal.

Rabies in the United States is not a major disease hazard; it is unnecessary here or anywhere. We know the facts and four effective methods of controlling it. But we are lax in their application. In the first place, licensing makes sure that the dog has a home, that somebody is responsible for him, and that he is not prowling around. Unlicensed dogs should be destroyed. People have a hatred of the dogcatcher and great sympathy for the disconsolate little boy whose collarless canine has been taken off to the pound. But this is a necessary protection for the animal as well as the public.

If all dogs brought into the United States were put in strict quarantine and if every one already here were muzzled for one year, we could wipe out the disease. Many cities have muzzling ordinances. But there are always people who will say, "My dog's all right," and remove the leash or muzzle. In consequence, several deaths occur annually. The individual dog owners responsible undoubtedly feel very bad about it, but the practice continues.

England, a country where dogs are loved more than perhaps anywhere else in the world, has done an absolutely perfect job in wiping out rabies. Every dog seeking entrance must remain in quarantine for a set period. Thus the canine population of Great Britain can go muzzleless and bark its way happily through life without running any risk of contracting the disease.

The Japanese government has controlled the disease by using the fourth method, immunization; that is, requiring that every dog be vaccinated against rabies.

George Washington Had Anthrax

Although the horse has become of less importance economically than he used to be, he still ranks second only to the dog in our affection. Man could not have progressed to his present point of civilization without the aid of the horse, which has served him in war and peace, from the days when eohippus tails decorated the heads of our prehistoric ancestors to the era of the horsehair sofa. For these and his later laboratory services, as well as the love we bear him, we should protect him against sickness.

Few equine diseases are communicable to man. Glanders is the most common one. Extensive outbreaks occurred in the great armies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when, for the sake of a horse, a kingdom might be lost or won. Glanders is characterized by ulcers in the nose, which sometimes spread to the lungs or intestines. To humans it may be deadly, though in horses it tends to become chronic and not necessarily fatal.

Another disease the horse shares with man is anthrax, although cattle and sheep are far more subject to it. Anthrax is supposed to have been the murmur of Egypt, but ranged so far afield that it ravaged Africa, put in an appearance in the New World, where it kept to its standard of ninety per cent fatalities, and decimated the reindeer of the polar regions.

Direct contact is the only method of transmitting anthrax. But once the soil where the animals have pastured is infected, it may remain so for years unless prompt steps are taken.

In human beings anthrax begins as an inflamed pimple with a hard center and

a gradually extending red zone of inflammation around it. The enormous carbuncle, burning like a little coal, as the Greek derivation of its name implies, extends into the deeper structure below the skin, far into the connective tissue. The patient is simply overwhelmed by the poisons and the high fever. Farmer George Washington, at the beginning of his first term, developed one of these on his leg and we almost lost our first President.

Anthrax has the distinction of being the first bacillus to be definitely associated with the cause of a specific disease. It is easily stained and, because of its great size, was also one of the first in which the great Koch recognized the reproductive spores, the little nucleoli inside the bacilli plainly visible under the microscope. These spores will remain alive for several years in a dry condition; hence anthrax may be conveyed to human beings in all industries using hair or hides.

Shaving Brushes from Japan

For many years cases of sudden death among healthy men in the woolen manufactures of England were noted, particularly among those engaged in combing and sorting the fleece of sheep. The men themselves called it woolsorters' disease. In 1880 an investigation was made at Bradford, the center of the industry, and anthrax was found to be the answer.

Hides come from all over the world for the manufacture of shoes and gloves and other leather goods, often from some of the most diseased countries on earth, such as China or Ethiopia. The owner of the animal dead from anthrax, wanting to retrieve what he could from it, used to strip the hide and export it, thus spreading the disease.

The United States for years has insisted on disinfection of all hides coming into this country, but no perfect method of disinfection has yet been found. The spores of anthrax are so tremendously resistant that soaking them in carbolic acid or even boiling them for a long time does not always destroy them. A case of anthrax was once reported and identified with a certain shipment of pig-bristle shaving brushes from Japan. Several years were consumed in tracing down the purchasers of the brushes, and in almost every instance it was found anthrax had resulted, and most of the victims had died. We promptly prohibited the importation of shaving brushes from Japan.

Governments are now so fearful of having their hair and hide industries in-

terfered with that they make every effort to co-operate with other countries, and industry itself now takes further precautions to safeguard its workers, making them wear gloves when handling possibly infected hides.

Although anthrax was such a serious disease for sheep and cattle, those which died in France in the 1860's and 1870's did not die in vain. They gave Pasteur, dean of Natural Sciences at Lille, the clue to vaccines and serums, which were to save not merely future generations of animals but also the lives of millions of human beings. He had already made the discovery that a weakened dose of cholera bacteria injected into a healthy chicken would prevent its ever contracting the disease. He applied this principle to anthrax, thus saving the sheep of France and demonstrating at the same time that a disease poison could be used as its own antidote. The real importance of his experiments with serums, an extension of the old "hair of the dog" adage, lay in their having pointed the way toward the control of other diseases in the same way.

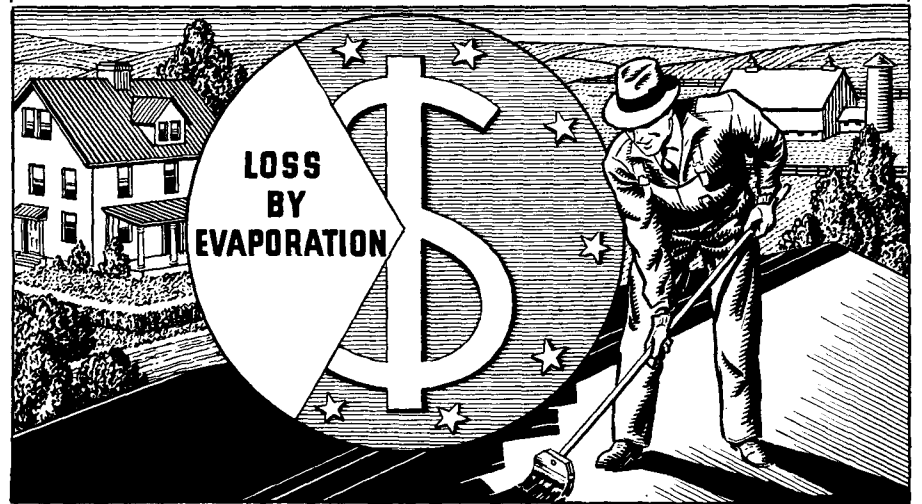
For every disease the human or animal body manufactures antibodies, but the bacteria may multiply so rapidly that the antibodies cannot keep pace with them. Vaccines start a specific reaction when injected into a human being, bringing about the manufacture of antibodies which combat disease germs if they should ever seek entrance.

The production of serums and vaccines causes practically no distress to the animals concerned. Dogs can save their own kind by manufacturing within their bodies the antidote for distemper, their own most serious affliction. Other dogs may thereby be saved. Human beings are always willing to do the same for their own kind. Men, women and children who have had measles or infantile paralysis gladly hand on the immunity thus gained for the protection of others.

If a calf is inoculated with cowpox, antibodies are produced in great numbers. When serum from this calf is used for vaccinating humans it will protect them from the dreadful scourge of smallpox. In like manner the horse serves as an incubator for the cultivation of tetanus antibodies which, when injected into man, often save his life, without in any way affecting the animal's well-being.

We continue to study the diseases of animals and to learn more about them all the time, to their benefit and ours. It is our duty to keep our pets well, thus paying back to a few animals the debt we owe to many.

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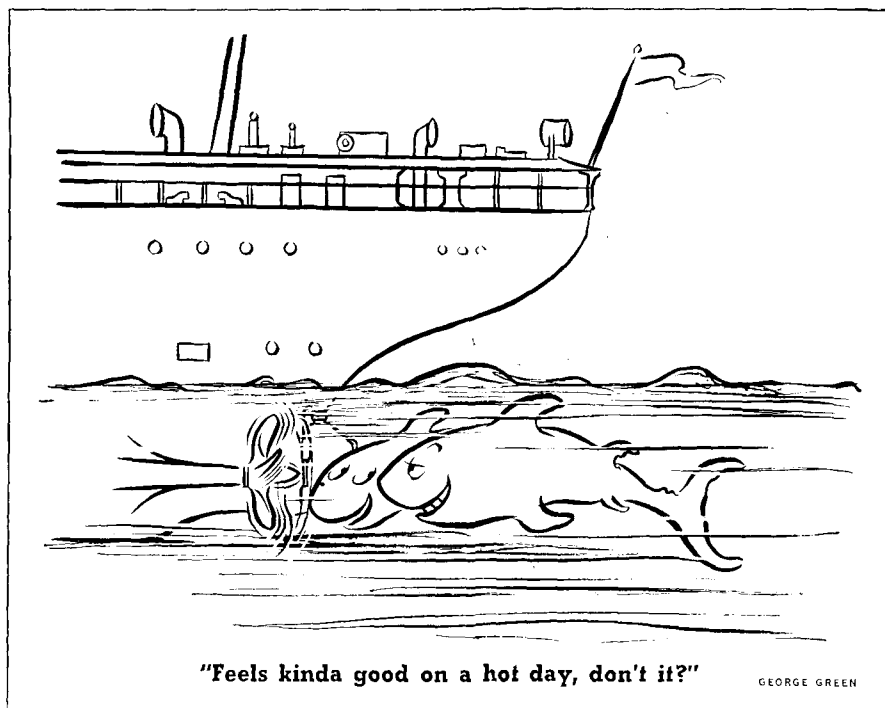
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7TH SUCCESSFUL YEAR



"Feels kinda good on a hot day, don't it?"

GEORGE GREEN

Freemen's Courts

THE long, angry struggle over the Supreme Court will not be soon forgotten. We have learned much and recalled more since that memorable day in early February when President Roosevelt surprised Congress with his court plan.

Nobody then guessed the length to which the argument would go. Mighty forces were released. We have not seen the end yet. The deeper currents of our national feeling were stirred.

President Roosevelt could not have anticipated the storm which his court plan was destined to arouse. His position seemed impregnable at the time he sent his court message to Congress. Just fifteen days before, he had been inaugurated. His majorities in Congress were without precedent. His personal popularity was at floodtide. It seemed impossible for him to lose.

But as soon as the debate was well started it was perfectly plain that the President had suffered a moral defeat regardless of anything else. The argument was lost even though the votes might be retained.

The bright boys who persuaded the President to adopt their scheme for packing the Supreme Court underrated the intelligence and the decency of the American people. This is a serious blunder.

The explanations offered in defense of the court plan shriveled under scrutiny. The actual record dispelled the suggestion that the Court was overworked. The old gentlemen, it was found, kept well abreast of their duties. Soon the plan was exposed for what it was, an attempt to compel the Supreme Court to do the will of the President.

It might have been guessed that Congress would quickly agree even to this. Mr. Roose-

velt is unquestionably the most popular President in the memory of this generation.

Judges are not generally the favorites of the people. Judges are chosen for other qualities. Austerity and detachment from the common affairs of life are associated with the courts.

The Supreme Court, moreover, had rendered a series of decisions which seemed far too conservative not only to the President but even to a minority of the Court itself and certainly to a majority of the voters.

Nor is there doubt of the fact that the objectives of social reform and social readjustment espoused by the President are approved by the people.

So fortified, Mr. Roosevelt seemed destined to subordinate the Supreme Court to his will and thus to begin a new chapter in the development of American institutions. It has not happened that way. God this time seems not to have been on the side of the heavier artillery.

The explanation is heartening. An independent judiciary evidently means something to Americans of 1937. We may not approve a few, or some, or many of the decisions rendered by the Court. We may think that as to a particular policy the President is right and the Supreme Court is wrong or old-fashioned or too conservative. But we don't want to destroy the independence of the Court.

After all, we have a history, a long history filled with aspiration and struggle and sacrifice. We did not win the right to an independent judiciary without a struggle. Our Declaration of Independence, listing the wrongs suffered at the hands of King George III, says ominously: "He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices."

A hundred and sixty-one years ago Americans wanted judges free from the domination

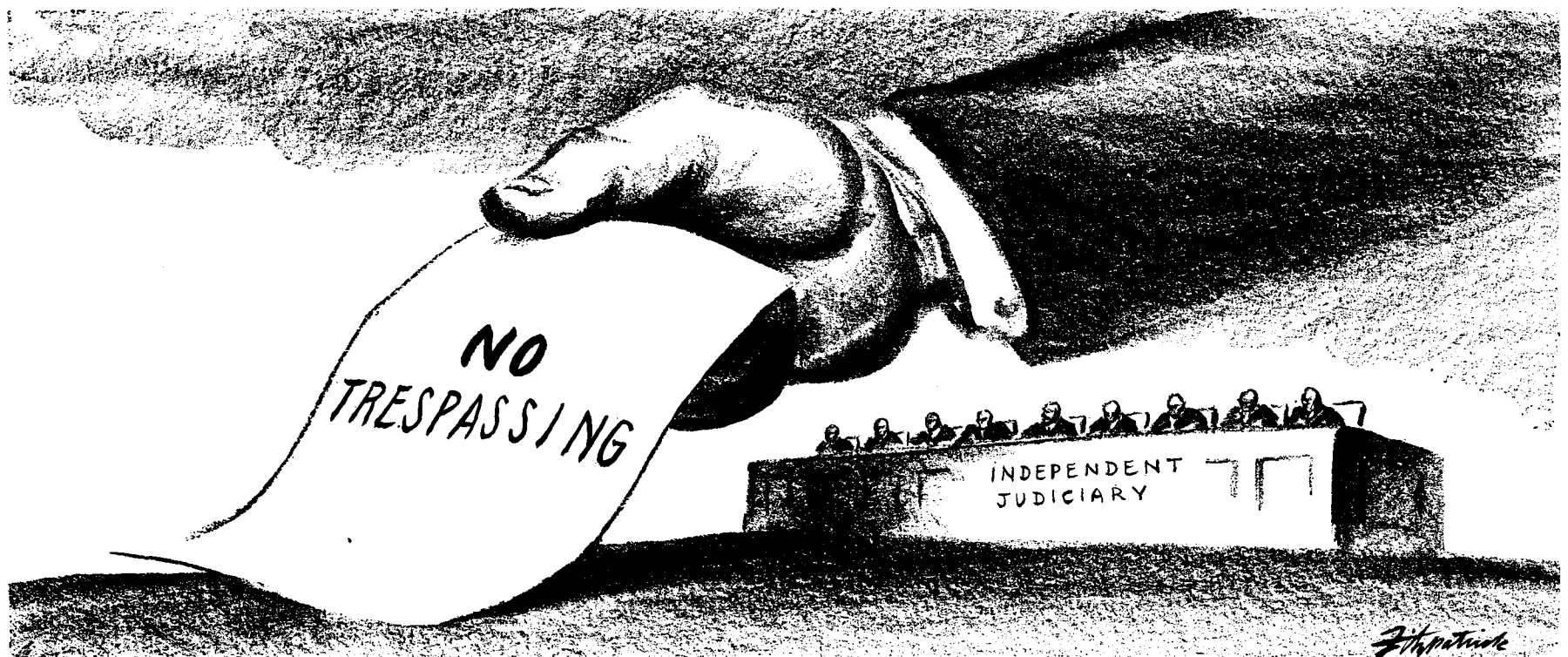
of their king. Americans this year decided that courts free from the domination of an elected President are also worth preserving.

Free courts are rare institutions. Not many peoples have ever had the benefit of justice independent of their rulers' will. Britain, Ireland, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland; the list of those lands in which judges are still independent of political control is not long. Only a few peoples have ever enjoyed the right to have their cases heard by tribunals independent of the executive.

After passionate argument and profound consideration the American people decided that they preferred to retain their right to be judged by an independent court. The report of the Senate Judiciary Committee revealed the anger of that body. The wisest friends of the President urged him to abandon an ill-considered scheme.

Perhaps it is just as well that the fight was continued. A struggle for freedom is never settled until freedom is won. If we were a people who no longer cared enough for independent judges to defend them against a popular President, we could give up. There is nothing in our history to suggest, however, that we and our children would be content long to depend upon the decisions of judges subservient even to a popular and well-intentioned President.

By a poor scheme the President made us think deeply about the realities of our American system. It is regrettable that a man who has done so much for this country should have the misfortune to identify himself with an unsound and hopeless measure of this sort. It is reassuring to realize that the common sense and courage of the American people are sufficient to save us even from the mistakes of the leaders we delight to honor.



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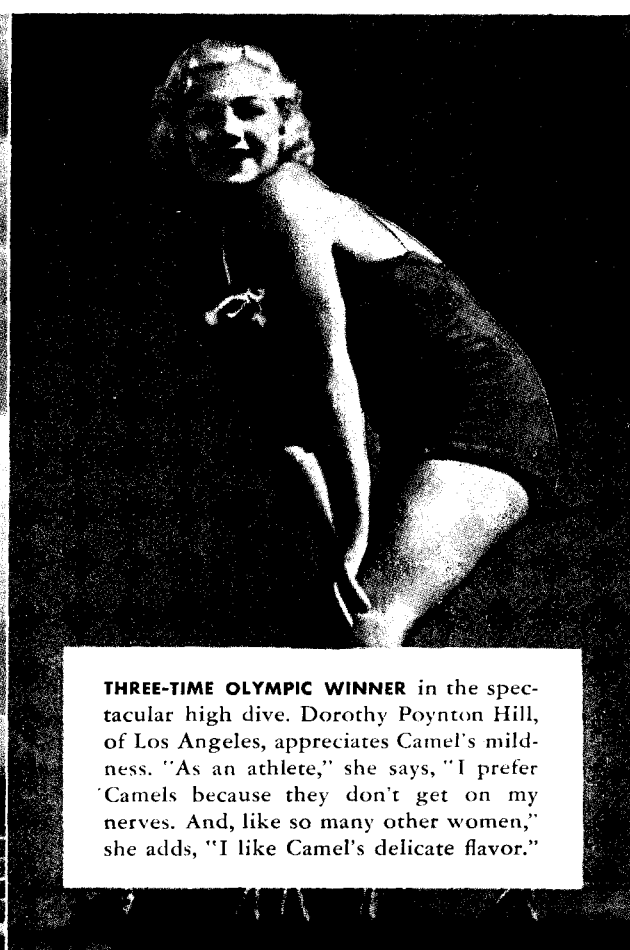
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SPRINGBOARD ACE. Jane Fauntz Manske, of Chicago, says: "Naturally, I think good digestion is important. The tenseness of competition and all the changes of diet when traveling are liable to be upsetting. When I smoke Camels at mealtimes and after, I find that my digestion runs more smoothly."

The best of meals digests easier when you have an abundant flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids. Smoking Camels encourages this flow—helps you enjoy a sense of well-being.



THREE-TIME OLYMPIC WINNER in the spectacular high dive. Dorothy Poynton Hill, of Los Angeles, appreciates Camel's mildness. "As an athlete," she says, "I prefer Camels because they don't get on my nerves. And, like so many other women," she adds, "I like Camel's delicate flavor."

WHAT SOME OF AMERICA'S AQUATIC STARS SAY ABOUT SMOKING...



(Left) **LENORE KNIGHT WINGARD**—a champion of champions. She has broken 7 World's Records—16 Nat'l Records—in speed swimming. Lenore comments on smoking: "Camels are certainly mild. They never jangle my nerves. I think it is grand, when I'm tired after an exhausting swim, to get a 'lift' with a Camel."

(Right) **HAROLD "DUTCH" SMITH**, who holds Olympic diving championships, says: "I've found great pleasure in Camels. I long ago discovered that a Camel restores my energy after a strenuous meet. There's real flavor in Camels!"



(Left) **PETE DESJARDINS**—internationally famous diver—speaking: "Divers and swimmers like a *mild* cigarette that doesn't upset their nerves. That's why I prefer Camels. They're so mild I can smoke as many as I like. Camels never give me jangled nerves—they're made from finer, more expensive tobaccos. Yes, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"



DOING HAND-STANDS on a speeding aquaplane doesn't daunt Miss Gloria Wheeden. After a morning of stunting on the board, she's eager for luncheon. "And," she says, "I always think of smoking Camels and eating as going together."

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